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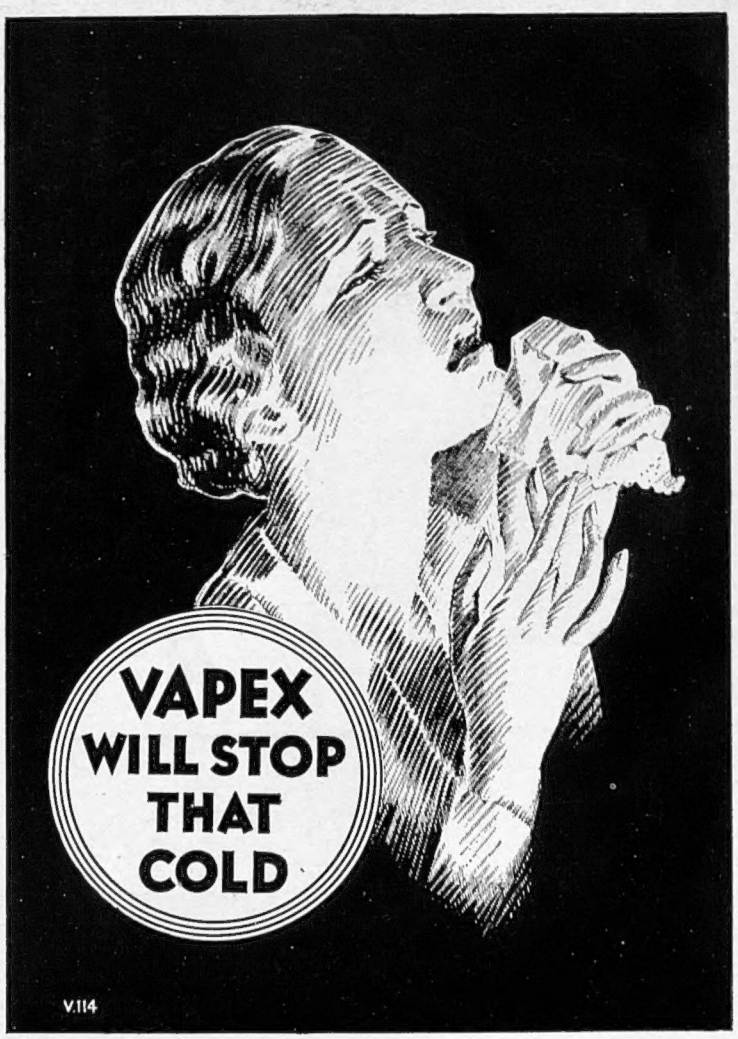


The Bystander, October 2, 1934

No. 1607. Vol. CXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

Swaebe

Good-bye, Summer!

This un-Octoberish-looking photograph was taken, not in the South of France, but at Frinton, where the Hon. Mrs. Joan Carey was having her last bathe. The beach was deserted, but the sun was still out, and anyway, Mrs. Carey understands the Frinton climate very well. She is just back from a flying trip to Hawaii, and is wearing the kind of beach dress that is in fashion there

Four Young Women

"Jackie" and Mary McAlpine, Sir Alfred McAlpine's daughters, Joan Ridley and "Billie" Yorke have been at Gleneagles. "Jackie" McAlpine, who is engaged to Charles Brutton, the tennis player, and "Billie" Yorke played together in the tennis tournament here

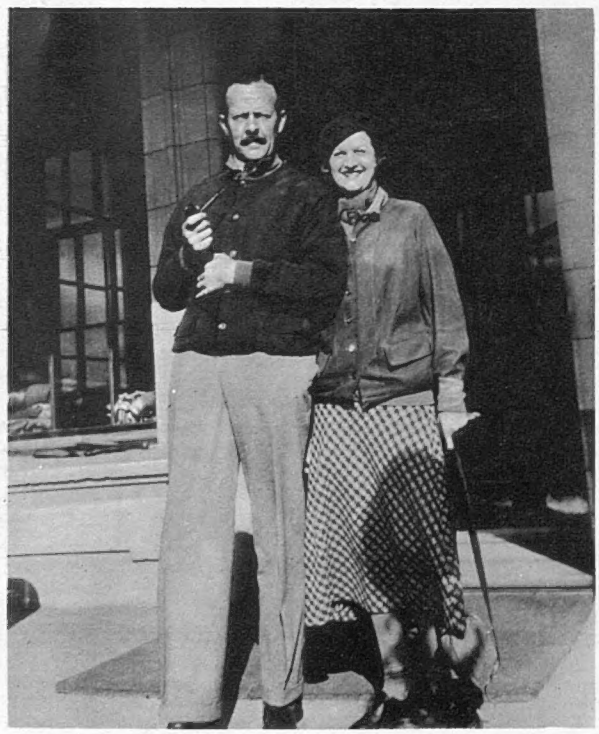
Five Young Men

Above: Bill Harbord, his younger brother, Ralph Harbord, W. Riley-Smith, Freddie McEvoy and David Looker outside the Hotel. The Harbords and Freddie McEvoy are all Cresta riders, and Ralph Harbord is also a good cricketer

Right: Lady Stewart-Clark was photographed at Gleneagles wearing a striped grey flannel suit. She also had grey flannel shoes to match

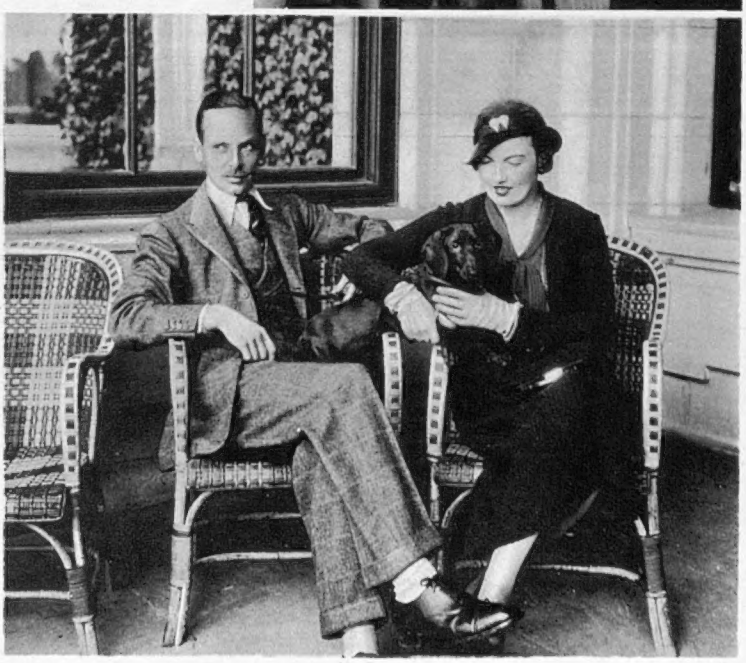
It May Be October—

—But There's Still News from the Hotel at Gleneagles



Major and Mrs. Pat Anderson arrived for lunch and golf on Sunday: they live in London, in Shepherd Market. Mrs. Anderson is Sir Robert Abdy's only sister

Below: Mr. John Paton, Mrs. Quintin Gilbey and Mr. Paton's dachshund, Hitler, sitting outside after having lunch at the Hotel



Queen Mary Day in Glasgow

The Queen Launches No. 534

Right: the Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, the Australian Minister in London, and Mrs. Bruce were two of the many distinguished people who watched that great event, No. 534 taking the water as the Queen Mary

Below: Mr. John Denny, a member of William Denny and Bros., the Dumbarton shipbuilders, and Mrs. Denny walking across John Brown and Co.'s shipyard

Below: Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss, the Lord Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, and Lady Colquhoun on their way to the launching platform

Mr. R. W. Bingham, the American Ambassador, and Mrs. Bingham went up to Glasgow for the most important day in Clydeside history for many years. It is said that there is already a long waiting list of prospective passengers for the Queen Mary's first trip to America, which will not take place for many months yet

The Hon. Mrs. Cochrane, the Earl and Countess of Elgin and their two eldest daughters, Lady Martha and Lady Jean Bruce, were five more of the spectators. Lord Elgin holds the chairmanship of the Fife County Council, of the National Council of Juvenile Employment for Scotland, and of the Forth Conservancy Board, among the many positions he fills in Scotland

Sasha

Merle Oberon is probably, at the moment, the most photographed woman in England. But private-life snapshots of film stars are as good value always as private-life films of kings and queens have been with 1934 audiences. These two of "Lady Blakeney" were taken at the Tudor Close Hotel, at Rottingdean, where she spent a nice healthy afternoon asleep in the garden. Daylight sleeping out-of-doors, even in cool weather, is just about the best possible antidote for studio-tiredness—and Merle Oberon works very hard

SLEEPING . . .

WAKING . . .

SUPPING . . .

The Private Life of Merle Oberon in Three Shots

Sasha

Swaebe

On the right, Merle Oberon is having supper at the Café de Paris with the twenty-two-year-old Earl of Chichester. When she 's on the set, it 's at the London Films Studio, where she is playing opposite Leslie Howard in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

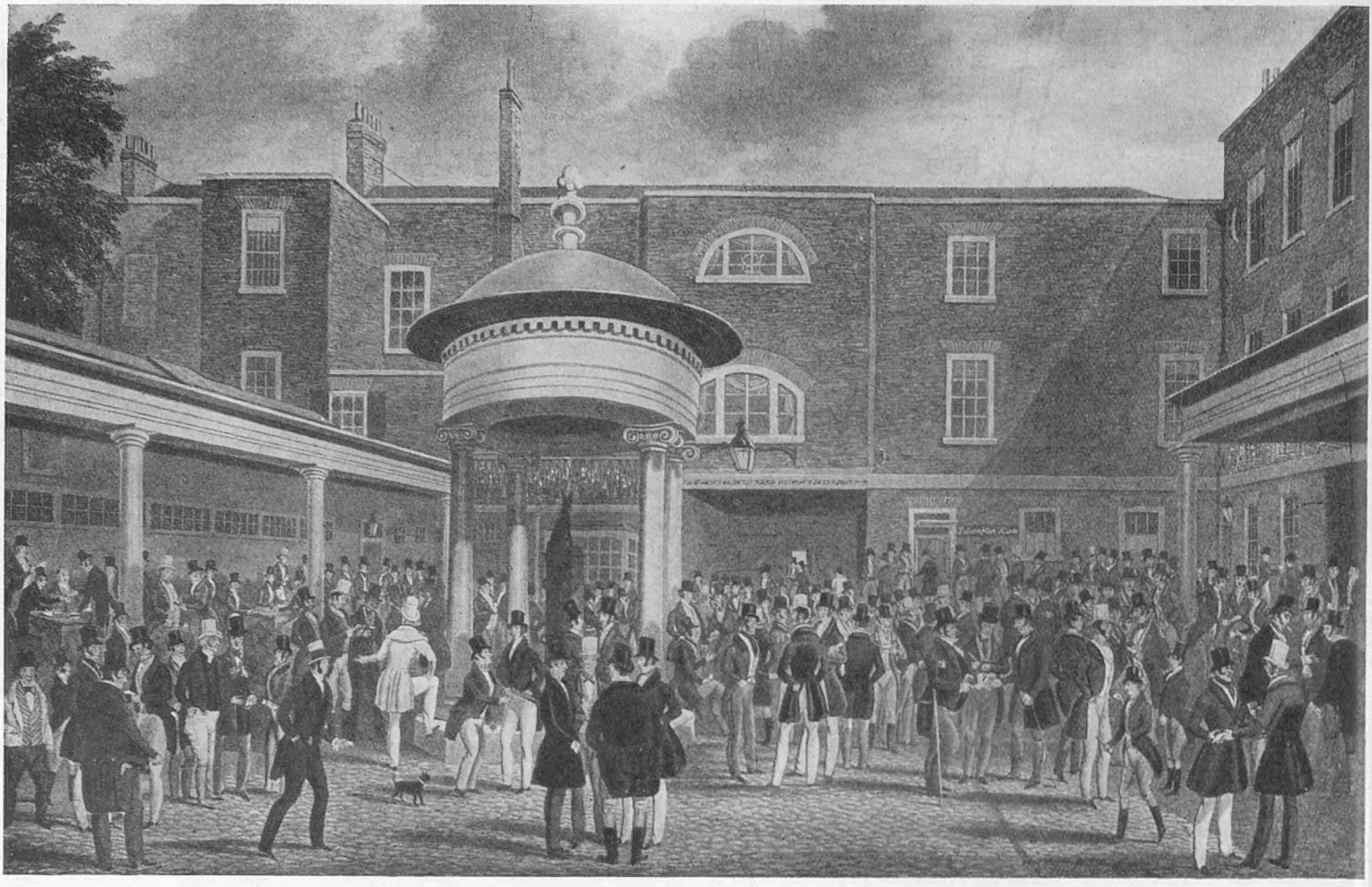
No. 70. A. P. Herbert

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

A. P. HERBERT was brought up, almost from birth, in the "old school tie" tradition. What could be more Western-Brothers than Winchester and New College, Oxford (where he got a first in the Honours school of Jurisprudence with nine alphas out of eleven)? But then came the war, and a few weeks later, in the bell-bottomed trousers of an ordinary seaman, he was married in H. M. S. Crystal Palace. France and a commission and Gallipoli followed, with the result that in 1919 he had three large children and not a hope of supporting them by following his natural avocation at the Bar. So he became secretary to Sir Leslie Scott, and in his spare time continued to write for *Punch*, which had taken his first contribution while he was still a schoolboy at Winchester. Alan's first theatrical venture (*Streamline* is his tenth) was part-authorship of a Christmas play for children, called *King of the Castle*, at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre. This was as important as any, because he first met C. B. Cochran in this connection. The latter gave him his chance, years later, with *Helen*, and followed it up with *Mother of Pearl*. But it was the publication of *Water Gipsies* which was the first big moment in his life, and to-day his Noah's Ark-like craft is always pointed out to sightseers by the guides on the penny steamers plying past Hammersmith. Such is fame. To-day he is a novelist, playwright, poet, humorist, politician, agitator and writer of wireless talks.

BETWEEN times he prosecutes the House of Commons, sails on the East Coast, drinks tankards of beer, ridicules the divorce laws, advocates waterbuses for the Thames, goes to the Savage, and dines with the Grillions. He attributes his House of Commons exploit, which is still continuing, to sheer stupid public spirit. With his drooping, humorous nose, engaging hesitation in speech, bird-like movements of the head, longish hair, abominable clothes, Alan Herbert is a Jack of all Trades and master of most of them. Like many humorists he has a serious, even stubborn side, which is sometimes rather disconcerting to an editor who expects something funny and receives a diatribe. I don't know if anyone has called him the modern W. S. Gilbert. His *Tantivy Towers* certainly justifies it, especially as his knowledge of law is so considerable. But he is a modest chap and always insists on saying how much he owes to Sir Leslie Scott, the late Sir Nigel Playfair, and C. B. Cochran. If only he knew what he wanted!

D



" Settling Day at Tattersall's," reproduced above, is one of a set of six coloured aquatints called " Epsom," by James Pollard and Charles Hunt, first published in September 1835. This charming picture of Tattersall's ninety-nine years ago, is lent by Walker's Galleries, Bond Street

THEIR NATIVE HEATH...

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 14. TATTERSALL'S

By Charles Graves

TATTERSALL'S is at least as old as Weatherby's. Moreover, it has descended from father to son for a hundred and fifty years, until now, at last, Mr. " Summy " Tattersall being a bachelor, the direct line will be broken. Indeed, with the exception of his nephew, Captain Tattersall, D.S.O., the journalist, there is not a single male member of the family left, which is rather a pity. Edmund, Richard, Edmund, Richard (the last survivors are Edmunds), the members of the family have kept up the business since 1776.

The present head of the firm is a rosy-cheeked man with white hair and a brusque manner. He is at least as difficult to interview as Sir Harry Brittain. Almost a professional Old Etonian, he is a tremendous authority on Wagner, but intolerant of other music, used to be a bosom friend of Sir Edward Elgar, lives in a flat in Rutland Gate, was once a great Alpine climber, and always stays with the Provost of Eton for Ascot. Quinny Gilbey has already told you of his rostrum manner at sale time, so we will skip that—except to say that at Doncaster he and his partner's share of the yearling sales was a trifle over twenty thousand pounds for the week. Nice work. His partner, the first not to bear the name of Tattersall, is Gerald Deane. I fancy he was in the 11th Hussars. He is pretty inaccessible, too.

TO-DAY, if you go into Tattersall's, in Knightsbridge, except on a Monday, you will probably find things very peaceful. True, I recall going there to a dachshund show in the summer, but last week it was all very Victorian. There was a nineteenth-century odour about the place. A pile of harness was stacked on one side. Three or four broughams were parked on that first-floor balcony. One or two men in leggings stood around. A tortoiseshell cat sunned herself on a window-ledge. A pigeon or two cooed vaguely in the plane-trees of Knightsbridge Green. Yes, Warner, Sheppard and Wale, the Leicestershire auctioneers, have taken a good deal of the wind out of the Tattersall's sales where hunters are concerned. The Dublin auctioneers are also doing well. And, naturally, the carriage-horse and coach-horse business is not what it was.

The glass roof is still intact, however, and so is the famous rostrum in the right-hand corner as you enter. On the walls there are various notices about bidding—for example, that the smallest raise to a hundred guineas is one guinea, which increases to five guineas up to two hundred, and ten guineas up to four hundred, and so in proportion. Another notice states that grooms and stablemen are not allowed to stand along the furthermost wall. There is also a collecting-box for St. George's Hospital, reminder of the days, half a century ago, when Tattersall's was in Grosvenor Place, and after each sale at least forty pounds in gold was given to this charity. To-day, the glass box contains thirty or forty coppers.

No, times are not what they were in the days of Richard Tattersall, the friend

Gerald Deane *J. Jarvis* *The Hon. George Lambton* *Frank Butters* *"Atty" Persse*

of the Prince Regent, or Ned Tattersall, the amateur boxer. But still in the barrack-like building called the subscription-room, Tattersall's Committee meets at stated intervals to judge defaulters. And in the summer, during the sale of polo ponies, and particularly on the Monday before the Derby, the courtyard is full of smart, hard, tailor-made women. At other times, the future Earls and Dukes of the country watch ponies being bought for them by their parents.

At this time of year, too, there are the periodic sales of hunters and saddle-horses. But the real money, of course, is made in the Glasgow Paddocks at Doncaster, and the Park Paddocks at Newmarket. Think of the First Spring Meeting there, the First and Second July Meetings, the First and Second October Meetings, and the December sales of brood-mares.

You will see Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, brother of the V.C., buying for those great American sportsmen, Messrs. Woodward, Widener and Marshall Field. You will see Alec Taylor or Lawson buying for the patrons of Manton—Sir Victor Sassoon and Sir Abe Bailey. There will be greyish, shortish, bowler-hatted Frank Butters, buying for the Aga Khan. Lord Astor's interests are looked after by Gerald Deane himself. He is the manager of his stud-farm.

The owners, like Sir Richard Sykes and Mr. C. M. Prior, are also likely to be around, watching the Astock Manor youngsters or the Sledmere yearlings being offered. That clever bidder, Cowie, the Chester trainer, will perhaps get a cheap one for Lady Nuttall, or Captain Herman-Hodge will increase "Lucky" Dewar's stable. "Atty" Persse then snaps up something for himself, and Stanley Wootton, that eagle-eyed Australian, will do the same, followed by a 2600-guineas filly for Mr. J. V. Rank (whose wife is never afraid of the Ring), bought by Harry Cottrill.

Dorothy Paget, who seldom gives her yearlings a name until the Rules of Racing force her to do so, is a regular client. Nor can you miss the Lambton bowler hat as its owner, bidding with all the shrewdness of a lifetime of experience, secures a big chestnut half-brother by Tetratema to Meadow Rue. Ernest Bellaney, who always sells without reserve, is naturally very popular, like James Maher, who does the same. Perhaps Lord Woolavington will hear his guineas being bid for him, and Matthew Peacock will surely buy something for Sir Ernest Tate. Also inevitable will be thin little Mrs. Corlette Glorney, with or without her cheerful, broad-faced husband. And what about Jack Jarvis, watching the interests of Sir John Jervis? You will also see W. H. Gull, that ubiquitous stockbroker, with his hair parted lower on one side than any man I have ever met. Not often does an aunt do the bidding for her nephew, but that does not prevent Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh occasionally spending 6000 guineas for plump Sir Wyndham Portal, who makes the fivers for the Bank of England.

Well, there you are. True, the hound sales at Rugby are an event of the past, but the Virginian creepers still creep up the side of Tattersall's in Knightsbridge Green. That funny little temple-affair in the courtyard still stands in mute testimony to the past. But the long line of Tattersall's is coming to an end. And yet, not an inglorious one, when it can raise nearly half-a-million pounds in a single week for those real pillars of the Turf, the breeders of bloodstock, and, incidentally, do itself, as I have said, quite a bit of good.

"The Man Who Bid Half a Guinea at Tattersall's"

Perhaps this is the most famous of all pictures of Tattersall's, and is certainly one of the best known of H. M. Bateman's drawings. It was first published in the "Tatler," and specially mounted and printed copies in colour can be obtained of it from 346, Strand

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Clever Comedy and Feeble Farce

Sketches of "Who's Who" by Rouson

London's latest importation from Hollywood, Lilian Bond, as a charming manicurist, causes heart throbs to that champion idiot, Tony (Peter Haddon)

"Moonlight is Silver" (Queen's)

THIS play by Clemence Dane is far removed from the serious intent and austerity of her earlier work, like *A Bill of Divorcement* and *Will Shakespeare*. Indeed, the author has become almost frivolous and quite "West-Endy," if that coined word suggests a comedy about nothing in particular obviously made to measure for a favourite and fashionable actress. To the author's credit be it said that while Clemence Dane keeps her lightness of touch, she not only fits Gertrude Lawrence with the skill of Molyneux himself, but provides the audience with most enjoyable comedy.

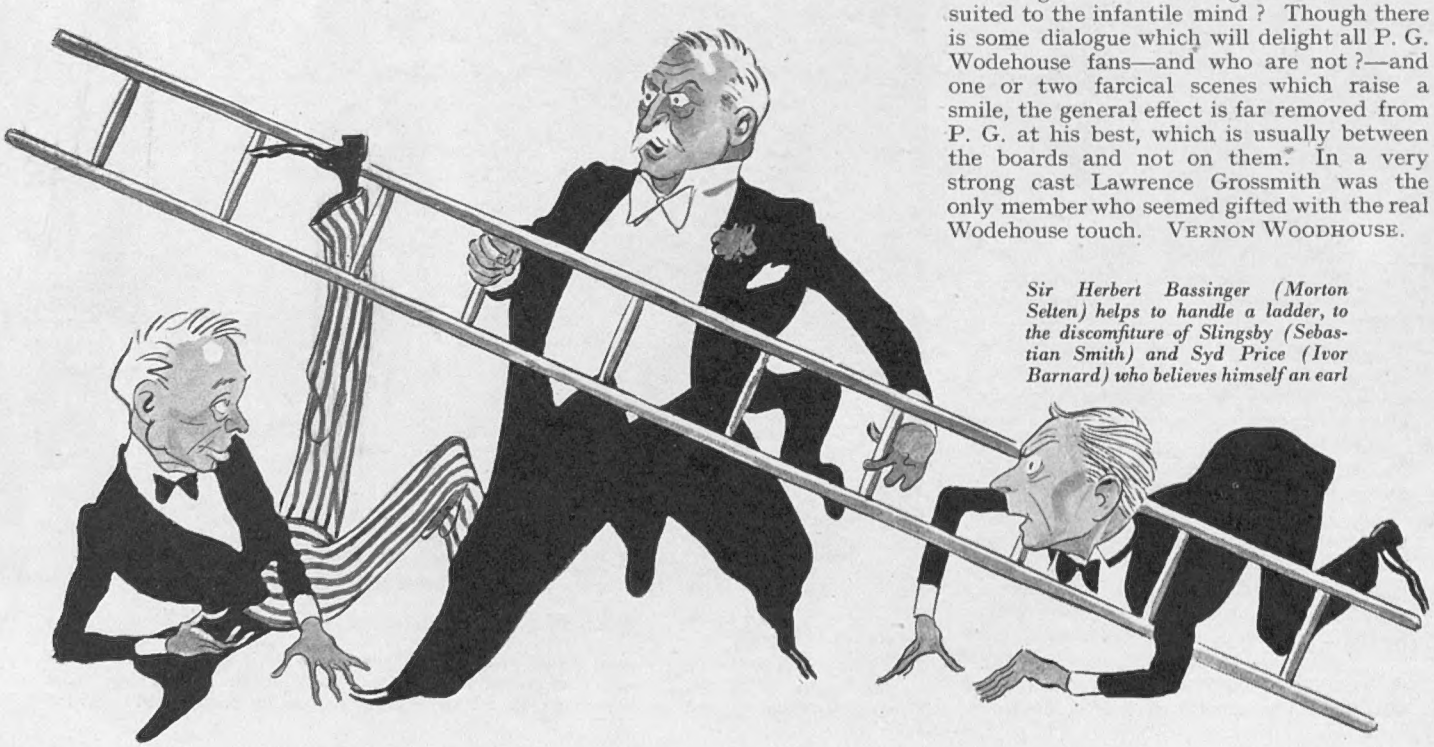
LEADING ladies, however, have a passion for showing their paces, and continue to believe—erroneously, I think—that something more than mere comedy is expected by their public, and my regret is that it was thought necessary to strike a sterner note, in a scene where a jealous husband, by Third Degree methods, forces his wife to confess to infidelity of which she was entirely innocent. Here leading lady and dramatist, both individually and in partnership, are not so happy in their work, and the failure—apart from the improbability of the situation—is all the more apparent by success previously achieved in lighter vein.

CLEMENCE DANE is, however, too conscientious a dramatist to have written a mere one-part play, for every character is well observed, and gives the cast more to do than just act as "supports." Helen Haye, for instance, as a mother who gets on her eldest son's nerves, is true to life, and Cecil Parker, the dramatist son, is genuinely and legitimately amusing. Early in the evening I wondered why so accomplished an artist as Martita Hunt was playing a rather commonplace friend-of-the-family sort of part, but when, in the last Act, she acted as reconciliator between husband and wife, I realised her importance. Barry Jones makes a real character of the supposed lover, and adds humour of his own to the author's clever portraiture. A very difficult part this, but not so ungrateful as that allotted to Douglas Fairbanks, junior, as the jealous husband, who has no chance in the comedy scenes, but played the strong stuff with sincerity.

When Clemence Dane writes next time for Gertrude Lawrence, I hope she will give us the chance to see this actress display the spirit of comedy throughout and let the strength go hang.

"Who's Who?" (Duke of York's)

THERE is a time and a place for everything. The Duke of York's is now a charming theatre and eminently suitable for most plays, but why choose a time when school-children are returning to work to stage a farce so well suited to the infantile mind? Though there is some dialogue which will delight all P. G. Wodehouse fans—and who are not?—and one or two farcical scenes which raise a smile, the general effect is far removed from P. G. at his best, which is usually between the boards and not on them. In a very strong cast Lawrence Grossmith was the only member who seemed gifted with the real Wodehouse touch. VERNON WOODHOUSE.



Sir Herbert Bassinger (Morton Selten) helps to handle a ladder, to the discomfiture of Slingsby (Sebastian Smith) and Syd Price (Ivor Barnard) who believes himself an earl

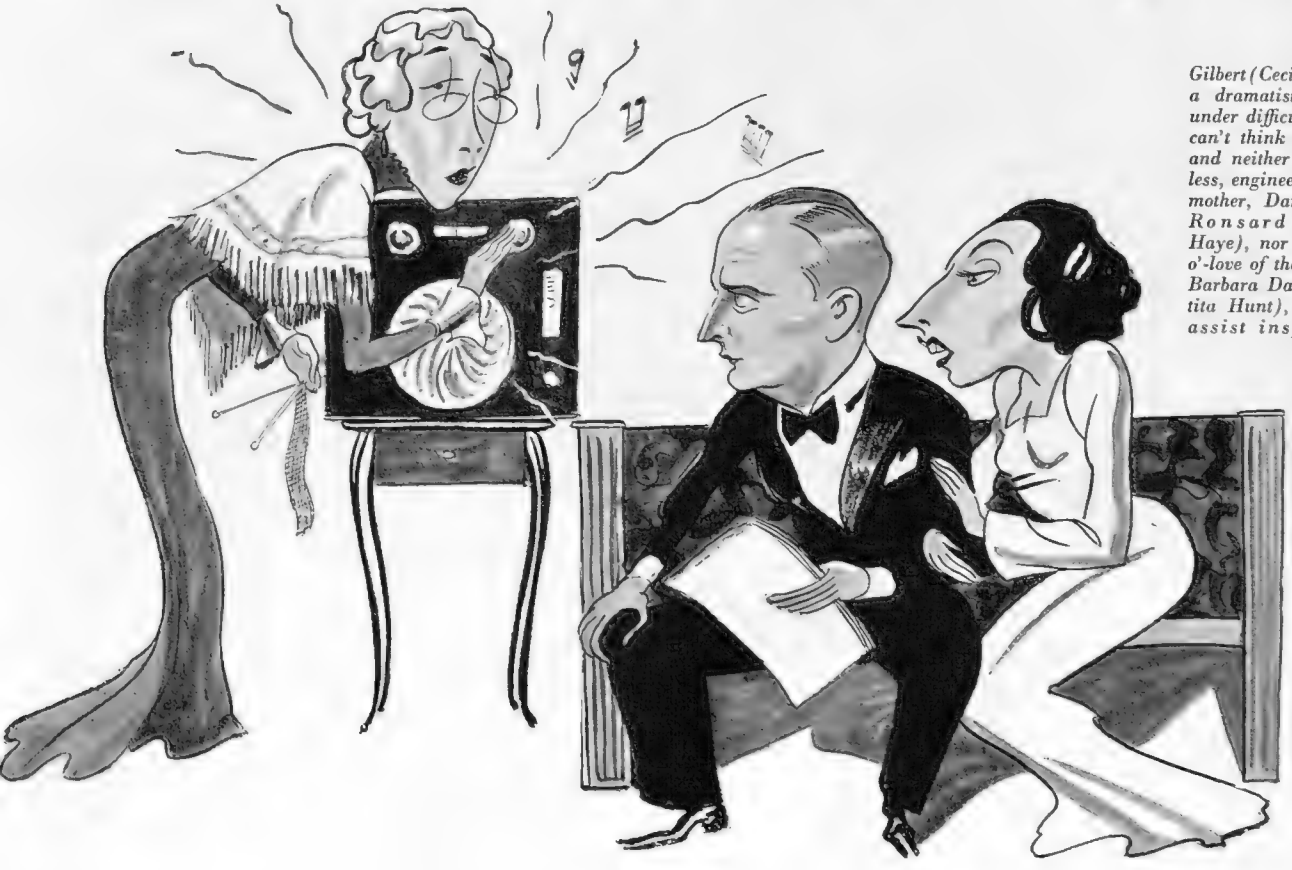
"Moonlight is Silver," at the Queen's Theatre

Sketches by Rouson

The Innocent Cuckoo in the nest: Charles Lankaster (Barry Jones), a gentleman with a jealous wife, who receives much sympathy from Josephine. That's all

Love-birds who fly into a heap of trouble: Stephen (Douglas Fairbanks, junr.) and his wife, Josephine (Gertrude Lawrence)

Right: the heap of trouble referred to: jealousy on the husband's part. Attempting to extort a confession from the innocent. Our artist made the drawing small because he thought it the least effective scene in the play



Gilbert (Cecil Parker), a dramatist working under difficulties. He can't think of a plot, and neither the wireless, engineered by his mother, Dame Agnes Ronsard (Helen Haye), nor his light-o'-love of the moment, Barbara Dawe (Martita Hunt), appear to assist inspiration

• FILMS of the DAY

Leading Ladies—but "The Slump is Over"

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Left: Janet Gaynor as the rich man's daughter turned maidservant, Lew Ayres as the inventive chauffeur she falls for, and a model of the speed-boat he invents, which wins his girl for him, in "Servants' Entrance," which was at the Capitol last week

"Servants' Entrance"

I HAVE seen six films this week, two of them important, because of their subjects—stars and production; two of them popular, because of their stars and production; one of them well advertised, and one brilliant and entrancing. As we do not use symbols in the BYSTANDER, I will not give one or another three stars or four, but leave you to determine for yourself which is which and what is what.

"EVENSONG" is a sad picture, not only because the subject is sad—the decay of a great artist—but because it never cements the alliance between music and life. Partly because of some inherent lethargy, the joie de vivre of the singer in the earlier sequences and her bitterness and disillusionment in the later scenes are not vividly enough contrasted.

You can change your face and your clothes, but you cannot change your voice. Evelyn Laye is lovely and can afford to "make up" young or old. She had a natural, pure, and charming voice. In *Evensong* it is tired and over-trained, appropriate to the end of the story, but without the spontaneous quality necessary to the early scenes.

The story loses drama because the singer never voluntarily makes the real sacrifice, choosing between her career and her love. It is all excellently done, lavishly produced, and Supervia infuses (a little late) life and warmth and vocal magnificence, but there is a sense of wasted effort.

"NELL GWYN" is another most reputable and picturesque English film. Anna Neagle is a robust, loud-laughing, Cockney Nell. There seems some hesitancy in assessing Sir Cedric Hardwicke's performance as Charles II. He makes him a gloomy, cynical creature, and, to me, the character he presents entirely lacks that leaven of libertinism which is the very essence of Restoration life *and art.*

"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE" brings Janet Gaynor back to her faithful fans. She does it again and again, but unless she gets a really brilliant or moving film to play in shortly, there will be fewer fans and no converts. A millionaire's daughter wants to marry a poor man and decides to walk out of her luxurious home and learn to be a poor man's wife by acting as a domestic servant. Her adventures provide the humour and romance. There was a handsome chauffeur, who designed a motor-boat, for the poor man. But the drama is spoiled by the fact that the rich father is always on her side. It is all according to plan—the Gaynor plan—and plane. The most interesting performance is that of the detective, John Gualen. Well photographed, with some amusing, if simple, lines.

The Fiancé (whose car has stopped): "I thought it was the carburettor, but I can't find the darned thing!"

The Girl: "You darling!"

The Fiancé: "Then I thought it was the ignition, but I don't know just where that is."

The Other Man: "You sweet!"

"The Slump is Over"

Albert Préjean and Danielle Darrieux are the stars of Robert Siodnak's gay and witty film, "La Crise est Finie," with which the new season of brilliant Continental productions is inaugurated at the Curzon

AND now, *The Slump is Over*! Oh, what a relief! A brilliant, amusing French film at the Curzon. Just as one is beginning to think that the sameness, the pedestrianism, the imitativeness of films must kill the cinema, as it exists to-day, something like this happens. Chateau d'Yquem after grocer's sauterne.

The managers of the Curzon Cinema promised us films of "quality." They had some difficulty in finding them. They have done pretty well up to date. Now they have a contract which will enable them to show the best Continental films exclusively. And apparently they have the taste and knowledge to choose them. *The Slump is Over* is the best and gayest film since *Sous les Toits de Paris.* Incidentally, Préjean, the hero of Clair's first masterpiece, has the chief part in this film, and brings to it all his familiar charm, his Chevalier manner, his Prince of Wales profile, his light, unaffected singing voice, and just a little more adipose tissue. There are enough English titles to make the story understandable to people who are not French scholars, and not too many to interrupt the pleasure of those who can appreciate the witty French dialogue.

The story is a little "Good-Companion-ish"—a troupe of stranded artistes broach Paris, take possession of a derelict theatre, evolve a show, *La Crise Est Finie.* But their methods and manners are entrancingly Gallic. The names of the players may not mean anything to you until after you have seen *The Slump is Over.*

Tunbridge

JOAN GARDNER

A new portrait of the attractive young actress who is now working in the London Films studio in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." She takes the part of Suzanne de Tournay, who is rescued from the guillotine by the Pimpernel. The stars of the piece are Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon, as Sir Percy Blakeney and his wife. The filming of Baroness Orczy's most famous novel will be completed in another week or two, and the picture will be shown some time before Christmas. Joan Gardner has gone to the screen from the stage; she sang and danced attractively in "Gay Divorce"

Engaged

Lenare

Miss Mary Crossman

Is engaged to Geoffrey Hurrell, 17th-21st Lancers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hurrell, of Harston, Cambridge. She is the daughter of the late Percy Crossman and Mrs. Crossman, of Great Bromley Hall, Essex

Lenare

Miss Margaret Llewellyn

Is the daughter of Sir David and Lady Llewellyn, of the Court, St. Fagan's, Glamorgan, and is engaged to Donald Anderson, Sir Alan and Lady Anderson's younger son

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Merial Dalrymple-White

Announced her engagement to Charles Oppenheim, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Laurie Oppenheim and Mrs. Oppenheim, in August. She is Lieut.-Colonel Sir Godfrey and the Hon. Lady Dalrymple-White's only daughter, and niece of Viscount Falkland

Bassano

Miss Jasmine Van de Weyer

Is being married next Saturday to Mr. F. B. Banbury, elder son of Mr. R. E. Banbury, of Chilcotes, Baldock, Herts, and the late Mrs. Banbury. She is the youngest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer of Clyffe, Dorchester, and niece of Viscount Powerscourt

Lenare

Miss Barbara Hastings

Is the daughter of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., the ex-Attorney-General of the first Labour Government, and Lady Hastings, of Brantridge Forest, Balcombe, Sussex. Her fiancé is Nicholas Bentley, the artist son of Mr. and Mrs. Clerihew Bentley, of 30, Marlborough Hill, N.W.8.

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

A LADY unknown wrote to us from Scotland last week delineating our character, unasked. She said we were frivolous, cynical, lacking in decent reverence, superficial, temperamental, unstable, probably vinous, and too cowardly to display what little heart we might possess, save the mark! She added that if we were more like Mr. James Douglas the world would be a happier place, three notes of exclamation.

Well, if we can dish it out (as the Early Christian blonde remarks to Nero in the film) we can darned well take it also. The Scottish lady has not handled us half so severely, anyway, as the Chinese Government handled the late Dalai Lama in 1909. We quote the official description, recently printed and now hanging, framed, over our lacquer bureau:

> Proud, extravagant, lewd, slothful, vicious, perverse without parallel, violent, disorderly, and disobedient to the Imperial commands.

The Dalai Lama was *worse* than us, see, clever!

Listen, Lady

As to being more like Mr. James Douglas, our trouble is that our tear-ducts dried up one evening in 1929, quite unexpectedly, while we were talking to a Peeress in her own right. A Tuesday, it was. Now when we denounce or are strongly moved by anything, we can't raise a sob or a tear, only a sort of dry hiccup. Even when a mother of six deserts her brood to care for a poor little lonely dog we can't work ourselves up to anything but a hiccup. It's painful for us, having a lot of feeling and being unable to show it, except by hiccupping.

Our specialist says it's obstipation of the lachrymatory glands and catalepsis of the pathetic ganglia. That's how things are with us, lady, and we expect pity, not censure.

Naughty War

AFTER Mr. Beverley Nichols, who gave horrid, horrid War a frightful slap a year ago, comes Mr. A. A. Milne with a newly-published manifesto saying war is jolly well a bit thick, you fellows, and ought to be stopped. We're told Mr. Noel Coward may be the next demonstrator. He thinks war isn't frightfully amusing, except the Boer War.

We are with them all, in spite of the general atmosphere of lavender and old lace, in so far that we ourselves found the last war (which we spent in the Infantry) a bit of a bore after the first three years. But when it comes to begging people not to be cads and telling them to stop it, we doubt if we can play hide-and-seek with the boys round the harebells any longer. We think (if we may say so) that their outcry is mere sentimental muddle, mental fudge, wish-wash, bugaboo, sloppiness, clotted wimble-pimble, dainty poohbah, and general niff-naffery. We hold, and we have respectable ethical arguments for holding, that there can be such a thing, for example, as a just war; at the same time hoping to God we aren't ever in one. Which doesn't affect the fact, we think.

Ladylike voices of all three sexes will inevitably accuse us, having said this, of torturing blind kittens for fun in our spare time.

Toy Boats, Indeed!

EVER since Viscount Castlerosse declared in print the other Sunday that he was "most anxious to get sufficient data to build models of the old Cutty Sark and the Thermopylæ," we have been pondering on the selfish way some people try to spoil other people's pleasures. Ours, for instance.

In *Who's Who* you will find our simple, health-giving hobby put down as "Helling round with smart women." Whenever we get a chance to do this we lie awake all the previous night, building dream-castles. All next day we are restless and excited, hardly daring to breathe for fear of mussing our party suit, and when at last the longed-for hour comes we hurl ourselves whole-heartedly into the very thick of the smart women and the gossip boys, enjoying every moment with simple, unaffected delight, first to arrive and last to leave; very tired, very, very sleepy, but blissfully happy. This used to be good enough for Viscount Castlerosse, too. Now, dear Heaven! he's deliberately turning his back on us and sulkily demanding ideas for making toy boats. Toy boats! The big, wayward, stuck-up, tiresome thing.

"Remember, Nurse, to throw stones at the ducks for Master Fitzroy"

No Cake for Master Valentine

WE know exactly what it is. He's trying to be "different." Just "showing off," that's what he is. Just being "snifty." Just trying to make us feel "awkward" and "out of it," the big, selfish tease. Well, he can't spoil it for us. We've been nicely brought up, thank Heaven, and we shall go on playing with smart women till Nurse Beaver slaps him and sends him back.

"Something to fit this, please"

Quartet

OBSERVING that somebody or other is about to bring out a book on "common sense" nudism, we thought of a photograph from a German nudist magazine somebody sent us recently.

It showed four completely naked people playing a string quartet of Beethoven in a garden; and it struck us as a curious kind of solemn lunacy that three extremely plain men with close-cropped heads, one spectacled and one very stout, and a lady of no apparent physical allure should hit on the idea of taking off all their clothes to play Beethoven. Even if their torsos had been eyeworthy, we should have thought so. But no doubt these things are a commonplace in German nudist circles.

"Auntie! Time to strip for chess."

"Good gracious, here's Mr. Bummenplatz on the centre court already, and Charlotte hasn't even got her bodice off!"

"Karl, give Grandfather his fretwork outfit and help him off with his trousers."

It isn't every innocent sport we'd care to take part in with nudists, either. You probably know M. Paul Morand's short story of the tug-of-war he was roped into at a nudist romp in Sweden. It makes us go hot and cold to think of it.

Plates o' Meat

"IN this age of beauty-queen competitions," wrote a gentleman to the *Times*, our favourite comic daily, the other day, "there is surely room for the offering of a prize for a picture of the most beautiful feet?"

Unless this is a cunning move by the Society of Chiropodists—nothing is as cunning as a chiropodist, except a rogue accountant in the mating season—it isn't altogether a bad idea, though silly. We are getting sick of faces, if the truth must out. A few feet on the back page of the Press for a change would do no harm. (It would ultimately have to be only a few, anyway, feet being what they are.) And it might strike a welcome fresh note for next year's Royal Academy. Mr. Lamorna Birch, for instance, could vary the usual series with "Lamorna Cove, Dawn, with Feet." Mr. James Pryde might submit a very sinister opus called "The Fallen Arch." The rows and rows of tomato-faced soldiers and egg-faced débutantes and horse-faced grandes dames would give place to feet of all shapes and sizes, and the genre boys who simply have to "tell a story" could do Ruth, for example, in tears amid the alien corns.

For Nature-Lovers

THERE is a curious superstition, incidentally, connected with our own feet. Mme. Thébès, the Parisian clairvoyante, once told us that if our phalanges gave way it would foretell an international disaster of the first magnitude, and the whole civilised world plunged into mourning. Now every time Mr. Shaw gets a cold in the head his first anxiety is to inquire after our phalanges, pronounced "phalanges."

Cleaned as it Swept

AN American friend on his annual visit here—he has been for many years as much at home in London as anywhere, and he remembers Ciro's when it was a footpath through the fields—well, he tells us that everyone over there is pretty certain that President Roosevelt, his little troubles over N.R.A. notwithstanding, will romp home next November, principally because there's nobody to take his place.

That means that it won't be a very exciting Presidential election—nothing, for example, like the one of 1928. We happened to be in America for that one. One of our most cherished memories is of a New England town where a battalion of iron-faced ladies took over an empty shop in the main street and prayed in it, by relays of platoons, and very loudly,

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 18.—George Heriot's

Dark blue and light blue and white is the tie
And is it a richt guid sicht?—Och, aye!

GEORGE HERIOT was a goldsmith who
Oft helped King James when he felt the screw,
For "Jingling Geordie," so some aver,
Was the richest man in Edinburgh,
And he left much cash for to endow
The famous school that is standing now;
So on June the First, which is Founder's Day,
Auld Callants turn up in massed array
To honour Geordie and view again
The scenes of their boyhood's joy and pain.

Once more they visit the Vennel, where
The Tuckshop offers such tempting fare
As "Dawdles," those sweets gargantuan
Which make all others an also-ran;
They peep in the Labs., where smells intrude
And rich Sugar-ally Water's brewed,
Recalling those all-too-painful times
They knew when caught out in petty crimes
And had to endure Fate's painful blows—
A leather strap is employed for those!

They yarn of those field days when, hot and sore,
They marched with the famous kilted Corps;
And find that the Golden Acre field
A vast host of memories will yield
Of forward rushes, of tight-packed scrum,
Of aching shoulders and hands half-numb;
And when their visit draws to a close
Each Heriot man full clearly knows
Auld Reekie's Geordie in days of old
Bequeathed Youth treasures more rare than gold.

B. W.

all day long for the downfall of Governor Al Smith, who wore a brown derby and was a Papal spy.

Like St. Zita, the good kitchen-maid in the children's rhyme, they prayed and they prayed and they prayed and they prayed; and Providence answered their prayer and sent them a nice big Hoover and a thumping financial crash instead.

Excuse Our Glove

BROODING over Sir John Simon's recent rebuke to Poland, we asked our immortal soul plaintively why our particular little universe seems so full of prigs in authority lecturing and booming at large.

Lord, the ones we can think of! Ruskin, for one, with his little cane perpetually in his lily hand. Woodrow Wilson, a provincial pedant and bore of the stiffest kind. Half the critics on the high-brow weeklies and the heavier Sunday Press. Three-quarters of the dons who lisp and whiffle over the microphone. Scots Prime Ministers with an Œdipus-complex about the wurruld. All lecturing and rebuking and posturing, awful in their complacency.

We sometimes envy the French, who not only have jolly, cynical old brigands like Briand to deal with, but are not prevented by their libel laws from saying what they think of them. Take a peep at Léon Daudet, in the *Action Française,* and you will see what we mean. Contemplate the flashing sword of a d'Artagnan and a Cyrano and a Rabelais rolled into one, and ask yourselves, children, what would happen if anyone on this side the Channel called anybody of importance at least twice a week, in print, a Tartuffe, a time-server, a secret police nark, a financiers' puppet, a traitor, a careerist, a wencher, and a dog-faced bandit.

Not that we invariably would, even if we could. It's pretty dashed bad form, and *Punch* would be frightfully angry. But just once in six months, say. . . . Just once. Or don't you mind?

"I don't believe there is a monkey here, George"

"And mind you get her Elisabeth Bergner look"

Miss Otis Regrets

THE nicest comic song we've heard for a long time comes from America. Somebody sang it to us at dinner the other night. We think it's by Cole Porter. It is sung by a very solemn, dignified butler at the telephone, and begins:

Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch to-day, Madam,
Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch to-day;
She's sorry she's been delayed,
But down Lovers' Lane she strayed, Madam;
Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch to-day.

It turns out that Miss Otis has shot a gentleman in defence of her honour, has been arrested, has been lynched by a raging mob, and therefore cannot come to luncheon. The tune is a sort of dirge, with a little refined upward lilt at each "Madam" which makes it precious, and we think it's a pretty good example of that sardonic and slightly sadistic humour you only find in America and in France. Up to now our most prized specimen was the old song about Mrs. McKinley receiving the news of President McKinley's assassination:

Mrs. McKinley, she hollered and she swore,
When she heard that her good man wasn't coming home no more,
For to lay him down, boys,
For to lay him down.

If you don't find this sort of thing amusing we shall feel terribly embarrassed, thinking you think us "vulgar" or "fast."

THE BYSTANDERS.

Mr. George and Lady Joan Newman have a pleasant house in South Kensington, where these "at-home" photographs were taken. They were married last year. Mr. George Newman is Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newman's son: his wife is the Earl and Countess of Clarendon's only daughter

Young-Marrieds at Home

Mr. George Newman and Lady Joan Newman

The dachshund is a fashionable dog, and has found its way into a good many houses in the last year or so. It plays its amusing part in the Newmans' home life. Mr. George Newman packing his cricketer's bag is also a typical household view, during the summer; he plays for Middlesex

Photographs by Swaebe

GOING OUT to GOINGS - ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lady Charles Cavendish

Having her hair done at Taura, in Dover Street. She is going back to Ireland shortly, but has been doing a few first-nights first, including "Streamline" last Friday, in which Tilly Losch, who is a great friend of hers, appears. The hands in the sketch are those of M. Leonard, who sculpts not a few Mayfair heads

London, by Daylight

Three photographs, taken between lunch-time and the next engagement: of Mrs. Cubill and Lady Carnarvon outside the Ritz; of Lady Jersey leaving the same midday haunt and wearing a neat tweed suit; and of the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness and Lady Stanley, walking briskly down St. James's Street

THE barometer of London's night life has now got to the marking "Little Season." The Savoy officially opened its winter season yesterday, Punch's Club had its annual dinner at the Dorchester, and this week sees Quaglino's fifth birthday, the Yacht Club Boys at the Café de Paris, and the Embassy Club re-opened with a flourish of trumpets last week.

ONE could have seen Lord and Lady Cecil Douglas, discussing the housing schemes in which they are interested, Mr. Jim Lawrence, who so often escorts Lady Ashley, as he was doing on that night, Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, just returned from visits to Biarritz and Scotland, Mrs. Charles Cartwright, dancing with an American who had been "strongly recommended to her" from New York (and she's a very useful person to whom to be recommended), Lords Castlerosse and Donegall sitting opposite each other, with Lady Ravensdale in a white chaplet, Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli dancing happily, with no need to look for a Lohengrin, the Dudley Tooths, the Alex Roberts, parties of Marks, Sieffs, and Goodendays, Carol Goodner, Lady Mount Temple, Mrs. Gulbenkian—in fact, very few new faces. Ambrose, who was not too lucky at the tables in his last weeks at Biarritz, certainly did not show any signs of depression.

I HEAR that Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes is still in Biarritz, and also Miss Toto Koopman, who has very often been seen with Mr. Max Aitken, and not often with anybody else. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Leviton (Nina Pearson as was) are also there; Evelyn Crowell and Xandra Rambeau have now returned. They are no longer Follies Girls. Mr. William Randolph Hearst, with complete entourage, has now left for California: I hope that the four long-haired dachshunds which he bought in Munich caught the Bremen at Cherbourg. Many were the long-distance calls about their welfare.

THE KING OF SIAM has been staying at Claridge's. His visit to London was coincident with the Siamese Cat Club's Show in Chenies Street, but I gather he did not attend this function. I am glad to report that the quality of cats was well up to standard. Compton Mackenzie, who was reported seriously ill on his trip to South America, but luckily never was, presented the prizes. Other prominent names in the Siamese Cat world are Mrs. Wade, who can tell you almost why a cat mews, Lady Hardwicke, and Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick.

SIR HARRY PRESTON is another person who has been lately reported ill, but many of his friends were glad to see

Viscountess FitzHarris

Lady FitzHarris was sketched on board Sir Alexander Gibb's yacht in Gruinard Bay, Ross-shire. She and her husband have just come south, having been staying with the Gibbs, for trout fishing and stalking

Right: Mrs. Allan Swinton on the moors in Ross-shire, where she and her husband, who is in the Brigade, were staying with the Hope-Morleys. They were going on to stay with Lord Inverclyde, at Castle Wemyss

Mrs. Allan Swinton

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

him at his usual table at the Ritz last week, holding one of those "delightful little luncheons," as he puts it. One of his guests was Sir Kingsley Wood, who certainly has "hotted up" his department—the G.P.O., of all places in which to make innovations! Miss Christina Foyle has persuaded Sir Harry to speak at the next literary luncheon at Grosvenor House.

IT was a pity that better fare was not served up at the first night of *Josephine*, at His Majesty's Theatre: it nearly bordered on the ludicrous, and the gallery seemed to think it touched it. The audience in general, in which could be seen Lady Charles Cavendish, Mr. Eddie Marsh, Mr. Brendan Bracken, Mr. Ernest Thornton Smith, and Sir Harold and Lady Wernher, just looked unhappily uncomfortable. And towards the end George Grossmith came on, talking just like C. B. Cochran in his seriously didactic mood.

ON the same evening Sadler's Wells gave much better fare in Rimsky Korsakov's *Snow Maiden*. The brothers Toye—Geoffrey and Francis—could be seen in an interval sampling the charms of the new bar—a decided innovation for Sadler's Wells, because, up till now, they have had no licence. Many people think the theatre is in the suburbs, or at least half-way to Barnet. It is ten minutes, at the most, in a taxi from Piccadilly.

THE dress show season is at its height. Last week Norman Hartnell moved into 26, Bruton Street with an evening party and a dress show as well. The women all went to look at the dresses, which had names such as "Dregs of Wine," "Love Bird," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Old Prune"; the men nearly all went to see the mannequins, and were well rewarded. Hartnell had a fine team out for that evening—Louise, who is Epstein's famous model, Elizabeth Jenns, Jean Fairfield, "Babe" Bosdari, Felicity Seddon, Mitzi (Miss Germany, 1932), and Lady Bridget Poulett, whose mother and brother were there to give her encouragement.

Mr. Jim Lawrence escorted Lady Ashley, Sir Robert Throckmorton for once evinced an interest in the proceedings, the lights went out for ten minutes (some said on purpose, but I don't think it was so). One man's face fell a yard when he heard a mannequin asking for her husband.

All the team went on to the Florida afterwards, but were not admitted, because they were not wearing their evening dresses. Obviously, it must have been this exclusive club's extension night.

Right: Lord Hailsham and his step-daughter, Domini Lawrence, out picnicking at Gruinard. Lord Hailsham and his wife were staying with Sir Alexander and Lady Gibb

Viscount Hailsham and His Step-daughter

THE ICE CLUB opens again to-morrow. There is to be a gala, of course, and the Austrian skating champion, Fritzi Burger, is to give an exhibition of skating. Clifford Whitley, just back from New York, reports that he has travelled 30,000 miles this year in search of Follies Girls. Many do not have to travel nearly so far: a telephone call will often suffice. Whitley flew from New York to Hollywood, 3000 miles, in just

Viscount FitzHarris Goes Out Stalking

Above: Lord FitzHarris did a good deal of stalking when he was staying at Gruinard, which is one of the best forests in Ross-shire. He is the Earl of Malmesbury's only son

Lady Gibb

Lady Gibb and her husband, Sir Alexander, have had large parties staying with them for the excellent shooting, stalking and salmon-fishing on their Ross-shire place. They also own Queen Anne's Lodge, overlooking St. James's Park, and Tangier Park, Hampshire, which used to belong to Catherine of Braganza. Sir Alexander Gibb is a brilliant engineer

Major-General Evan Gibb

Right: Major-Gen. Evan Gibb is Sir Alexander Gibb's cousin, and was staying with him at Gruinard. He was Director of Supplies and Transport at the War Office until last year

over fifteen hours on the night service. It is as cheap as the train, and one misses not even a day. Elsa MacFarlane is singing in the new Dorchester show, and Naunton Wayne is to be the compère again.

CORISANDE is back from Scotland, so my social gleanings should undoubtedly improve. I note that Miss Marjorie Glasgow has not yet announced the date of her wedding to Lord Cochrane. She had a gay time at Brioni with her bridesmaid-to-be, Miss Aline Partington; her fiancé was not there.

I can only skirt lightly upon the Perth Hunt Ball, and must observe that the treble-barrelled name is very popular in the North. For instance, for this ball from Craighall-Rattray arrived Colonel and Mrs. Burn-Clerk-Rattray; from Abercairny came Captain J. S. Home-Drummond-Moray. Every castle, tower, and lodge in the neighbourhood disgorged its quota for the evening.

It would be such a change if we had a ball like that in London. There is the Caledonian Ball, but that is only one. The Embassy Club should occasionally exchange selected guests with the Perth Hunt. The sight of kilts in the Embassy on, say, the first Thursday in the month would be a terrific attraction.

THE launching of the Queen Mary at Clydeside focussed all eyes upon it last week, and gave Princess Marina a chance to spend a few days quietly in London, of which she took full advantage. She and Prince George will get a little rest from the limelight now until just before the wedding.

UNTIL the return of Mr. Sopwith from New York it is of little use to speculate about the rights and wrongs of the yacht races. One thing is certain, as in cricket, that the umpire's decision is final. One remembers the old county pro., given out l.b.w., as he thought, unjustly. Passing the umpire, on his way to the pavilion, "That weren't out," he murmured sadly. "Were n't it?" replied the umpire testily. "You read the score in the paper to-morrow, and see if you wasn't out."

ALL the experts have lately been on a visit to Rheims to sample the vintage. They return, having reported upon a bumper year. Messrs. "Eddie" Tatham and Ralph Cobbold stayed in the house of Veuve Clicquot, or, rather, with Prince Jean de Caraman Chimay, who is one of the heads of the firm. They tried also to shoot the Prince's partridges, which flew fast and high in a strong wind. "Eddie" is no musketeer, but Ralph indulged in some free loosing. Others stayed with the Marquis de Polignac, who is the head of Pommery; others with Van der Linden (Heidseick), Jack Bollinger, and Lanson fils. They all seem happy that London is drinking so much champagne. They felt the world crisis in Rheims as much as the incendiary shells of March 1918.

NOW that Lord Hirst is so much better (he underwent a very severe operation at a few hours' notice), his daughter, Mrs. Leslie Gamage, is able to devote herself to running the Infants' Hospital Ball, to be held at Covent Garden Opera House on November 1st. The cabaret is being arranged by Mrs. Mark Ostrer, who is at present in New York, where her husband is bringing off colossal deals for Gaumont-British. As she has the whole of this organisation upon which to draw for the cabaret, the result should be excellent.

LET us note that, with the coming of October, London will have the greatest series of concerts and music that it has ever enjoyed. Every artist of renown is coming here in turn. Would that Liszt could come to life so that we could compare him with Rachmaninov, Hofmann, Horowitz, and company. Yet there are several who heard Liszt play, and can give a clear impression of his performances—Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Sir Alexander MacKenzie, Lamond, and Weingartner, for example.

MR. PEEPS

Right :

Adrienne Ames

The hair-dressing fashion that decorates Adrienne Ames' head is one she designed for herself. She has curls at the back of her head, and "an exaggerated sweep of bangs forms a rolled curl which crosses the forehead." She is the star of "You're Telling Me," which will be generally released next month. Later on she is coming to England to make a picture

Below :

Whitney Bourne

This lovely creature was, until the other day, just an American Society girl. But she wanted to go on the films, and right away she got her first part in "Crime Without Passion," in which she co-starred with Margo opposite Claude ("Invisible Man") Rains. The picture ran very successfully at the Plaza a week or two ago. There's no news yet of how Whitney Bourne is planning her career, or having it planned for her by Paramount

Above :

Katherine de Mille

A striking camera study of Katherine de Mille, Cecil B. de Mille's daughter, who started life as a milliner's assistant, and is now working her way towards stardom in the films. She is in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," which is in production in the Paramount studios, and also has a part in the new Mae West picture, "Belle of the Nineties"

Four Young Ladies of Hollywood Fashion

Below:

Loretta Young

A clever and attractive young woman who makes the most of her chances is Loretta Young. She appears as Rothschild's daughter in "The House of Rothschild," and was also in "Born to Be Bad," a not very worthy picture, in which she starred with Cary Grant, and which was shown a month or so back

Taking a First View

At His Majesty's and the Carlton

Below are Lord and Lady Milford Haven at the first night of "Josephine," the new but not-so-good play about Napoleon

Swaebe

Lady Ashley and Sir Robert Throckmorton were together for "One Night of Love" at the Carlton, the new musical film, with Grace Moore as star, which had a Mayfair-ish première last week

Above, left: Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, Conrad Veidt—whose new film, "Jew Süss," has its première this week at the Tivoli—and Mrs. Conrad Veidt, sitting in the stalls

Above, right: John Barrymore, Lady Charles Cavendish, Tilly Losch, and Alexander Korda, whose brother, Vincent Korda, did the décor for "Josephine," arriving at His Majesty's

Left: Miss Sara Samples and Mr. G. R. Hall Caine, M.P., went to see "Josephine"

Right: Miss Diana Mills and Mr. David Clowes were two more first-nighters

Swaebe

London Re-opens

Swaebe

Norman Hartnell's Dress Show

Lady Bridget Poulett was one of the Mayfair beauties who paraded as mannequins in Norman Hartnell's dress show at his new place in Bruton Street last week. The mannequins, the clothes and the audience all ran each other pretty close for first place in the news that evening

Above, left: Mr. Jim Lawrence, Lady Plunket, Lady Ashley and Mrs. Ken Holman leaving the buffet to take a view of the Hartnell dresses

Left: Iris Ashley and John Knowles at the first night of "Josephine"

First Night—Socially O.K., Theatrically Bewildering

Not often does such a celebrity audience find itself so bewildered by a play as did the first-nighters at "Josephine." Above are Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore with Mr. George Pinney, Judge Hargreaves and Lady Simmons

Swaebe

Extension Night at the Café de Paris

At the top are the Hon. William Bethell, Lord Bethell's younger son, and Miss Joan Pickering. Below is Miss Ulrica Thynne, as good-looking as usual, having supper with Sir Norman Watson on extension night

Mr. Edward Esmond

Who owns race-horses in England, France and India. In the latter country he has won the King-Emperor's Cup for the last two years. His principal stud and stable is at Chantilly

A Racing Reverie

In the Midlands and Up North

By "Regular"

WE have frequently been told by a very eminent person that the crowd loves to see a Lord win. At Warwick recently we had very positive proof that the crowd hates to see a Lord lose, especially if he happens to be riding a hot favourite, for after Lord Carnarvon had failed to connect on Jack, they booed lustily.

I SINCERELY hope that the boos were boos of disappointment and not meant to voice dissatisfaction at his Lordship's riding. To accuse Lord Carnarvon of not having a go in a Bumper race would be like accusing Dean Inge of laughing in church.

OH, ignorant burghers of the City of Warwick, how I sigh for the old feudal times, when your good young Earl would have had you cast in the stocks for your ill manners, and I could have come and thrown rotten eggs at you!

BEFORE I leave this unsavoury subject, let me tell you the truth. Jack has lately had a busy time and, remembering the adage that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, he refused to exert himself, and not all the persuasion of "Porchy" could make him change his mind.

I AM writing this in Scotland, where I have been in close contact with the Amateurs, both at work and play, and, believe me, their's is not entirely a life of pleasure.

ONE of these races was won by Lord Nunburnholme on his own horse, Black and Blue, and a most popular victory it was, too, and nobody could say that he had not worked hard for it.

FOR two whole days and, I understand, nights as well, he had remained clad in a thick mackintosh in order to reduce his weight, and, ever a frugal man, he had reduced his consumption, both solid and liquid, to the barest necessities which unite the body with the soul.

IF you had seen him, as I did, carving his way out of Turnberry's deepest bunker, still clad in his tightly buttoned mackintosh, you would have realised of what stern stuff our Bumpers are made. Later in the week I witnessed the launching of the giant Cunarder, and its dignified descent into the waters of the Clyde stirred my emotions in much the same way.

AYR race-course is first-class in every way, and the racing is extremely well run. I may sound a trifle ungracious, therefore, when I make two suggestions which I think would be improvements.

THE first is that a new car park should be built somewhere nearer the stands. At present, unless you have some mysterious yellow ticket, which few seemed to possess, you have to park your car about a quarter of a mile away, which, in pouring rain and heavy going, is just sufficiently far to put the Mem Sahibs in a bad temper for the rest of the day.

SECONDLY, I cannot believe that many people really care about a military band playing on top of the Members' Stand. Out on the course, or at the end of the paddock, yes, every time, but not on top of the stand.

I AM quite accustomed to a losing week, but seventeen races without a winner was "more than I ever bargained for," as the stout lady exclaimed when she found the jockey under her bed. Yet that was my fate at the Western Meeting, which was some compensation for Mrs. Vernet, whose pitch was adjacent to a bookmaker who made the foulest noise I have ever heard.

I HAVE always thought it unnecessary for bookmakers to give vent to those disgusting noises. Mrs. Vernet, Jim Santry, Tommy Lane, Tommy Graves, Harry Slowburn, and Scott Fry and Archie Scott all do a very decent little business without a sound, except, perhaps, for a pathetic little whine from Jim Santry when he can't get the favourite in his book. Semitic bookmakers with Scotch names, however, are invariably the worst offenders.

THREE old friends, in Jelliss, Jack Leach and Figaro, won the Ayr Gold Cup, and it was a real pleasure to see that good jockey, "Jelly," on the back of a big winner again. Figaro is a very good horse and a very consistent one—not invariably the same thing by any means, and his continued success is a rare feather in the cap of Jack Leach.

LIFE at Turnberry during Ayr Race Week is invariably very gay and the greatest possible fun. When I have risen early and played a round of golf on one of its two magnificent golf-courses, and have followed it with an afternoon's racing and a second round of golf, I feel disinclined to stay up merry-making till the small hours of the following morning.

THERE are many, however, who do not share my views, and I am informed that the fun was often fast and furious, while one of my colleagues, whose contributions to one of our more serious daily newspapers are read with such avidity, appeared to have entered his second childhood.

WHILE it was an expensive meeting for some of us, Sir Alfred McAlpine and Max and Marge Barthropp will have only the happiest memories of the meeting, Jack Grange and Vic Fitzroi, both most ably ridden by Mr. Marsh, winning for them, with the maximum down.

Racing in Ireland and Scotland

Left: Mr. R. Dawson, the well-known trainer, talking to Sir Percy Loraine, British Ambassador in Turkey, at the Curragh Races, Dublin. Mr. Dawson trained Primero, winner of the Irish St. Leger. Right: Lord Rosebery with Lady Nunburnholme at the Royal Caledonian Race Meeting at Hamilton Park. Lord Nunburnholme scored a most popular win at this meeting, riding his own horse, Black and Blue

"Streamline"

Three Scenes from Mr. Cochran's Twenty-First Birthday Revue

Below : Tilly Losch, the star of all the star dancers in "Streamline," doing her number in the cabaret scene in "The Starving Rich." "Streamline" had a more than usually Cochran-ish first night at the Palace last Friday, and is set full sail for the winter

Photographs by Guttenberg

Above : Florence Desmond and Esmond Knight in "The Dressing-Room," one of the amusing shorter sketches. Florence Desmond is a grand comédienne, and A. P. Herbert and Ronald Jeans have provided some excellent material for her talent

Below : the Show Girls on parade in the cabaret scene with which the sketch "The Starving Rich" concludes, and in which the whole company takes a hand

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Lloyd George Lays About Him

By Alan Thomas

IN the third volume of his *War Memoirs* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 21s.), Mr. Lloyd George tells the story of his Administration from the time when he formed it, in December 1916, to the early part of 1917, when America came into the war. It is an epic of struggle—so much so that the central purpose of the whole mighty effort seems sometimes to have been in danger of foundering among all the lesser struggles which had to be faced. There was the struggle to establish and maintain military co-operation among the Allies; the struggle, unsuccessful in its issue, to save Russia from collapse; the struggle to organise an adequate food supply both for ourselves and for our Allies; the struggle—hardest of all, perhaps—to overcome the "crouching nervousness," the "blind obstinacy," the "palsied and muddle-headed" stupidity of the professional mind. "Epauletted egoism," writes Mr. Lloyd George, "is impenetrable to the assault of ideas." Where there ought to have been "initiative, resource, pliability, vision, imagination, aptitude to learn from experience, courage and skill to profit by, and not to persist in mistakes," there was, instead, Patriotism, integrity, industry, study, some grain of experience, and—incompetence! Generals, Admirals, politicians—they all come in for it (with, of course, some notable exceptions). And from their shortcomings in the qualities they should have possessed the world is suffering to-day.

As I read these memoirs, I was struck again and again by the awful warning they contain. "Those who entrust the destiny of their country to war," says Mr. Lloyd George, "incur unforeseeable risks which may be fatal to them and the land they love. No other arbitrament is so costly in its procedure as well as so uncertain in its event. Let those who doubt this read carefully what happened in the Great War and see how reckless and unintelligent handling brought us almost to the rim of catastrophe, and how we were saved largely by the incredible folly of our foes. But you cannot always rely on your opponents making greater mistakes than your own."

And yet people talk glibly, and even confidently, about the next war!

AND now let me draw your attention to *William Cecil*, by Alan Gordon Smith (Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d.). The author sets out to show "that the great social and religious revolution which was established in England in Elizabeth's reign was planned by one calculating brain and was riveted upon an unwilling majority by the resolution of a single will." The brain and the will were those of William Cecil, First Baron Burghley. He was the power behind the throne, the Queen's indispensable adviser, and because he was indispensable, her master. "Cecil governs all"; and he does it mostly by sitting at his desk, hour after hour, planning, weighing, calculating—and always writing. For what he sought to encompass was "no scamped and shoddy Five Years' Plan," but the conversion of the whole nation. It was a gigantic task, requiring thirty years or more for its fulfilment.

The gifts which William Cecil brought to this work were manifold and rare. A master of "devices," he was equal to every occasion. A reverse in one direction was for him an opportunity for advancing in another. "It is well," wrote Machiavelli, "to seem pious, faithful, humane, religious, sincere and also to be so; but you must have the mind so watchful that when it is needful to be otherwise you may be able to change to the opposite qualities." Valuable advice, no doubt: but quite unnecessary for a man of William Cecil's flexibility.

Experts never agree about anything, and it may be that the historical pundits will pick holes in the book. All I can say is that the writer has given us a piquant and intriguing study of a great intriguer, a man who left an indelible stamp upon the social and religious structure of our country. I found *William Cecil* quite enthralling, and I commend the book to your notice.

Howard Coster

A. G. Street

The well-known writer on the English countryside, who is a practical farmer as well as an author, and is also well known in connection with broadcast talks. He lives and farms in Wiltshire, and enjoys a round of golf as much as a day's shooting or fishing. "Land Everlasting" (John Lane) is his latest book

THOSE who like a dour Scots novel will enjoy *Lost Battle*, by Stephen Graham (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.). This book might well have been written in support of the tradition that the race born north of the Tweed have no sense of humour.

It would, perhaps, have been possible to feel some sympathy for the unhappy family of Belforts if even one of its members had shown a glimmering of a sense of fun. But in novels of this school no Scot, though he may live, like the Belforts, for the greater part of his life on the fringe of London, ever becomes contaminated with the lighter moods of the South.

So it is a grim story that Mr. Graham tells. It centres round old John Rae Belfort, who, for reasons which must be taken for granted, believes himself to be a genius without an opportunity for expression. As often happens with men of thwarted genius, Belfort is unhappily married; his wife is a Scotswoman who is his equal only in her power to recite Border ballads at great length at any hour of the day or night. His children, whom he abuses and ill-treats, hate him and his drunkenness. One hopes for a lightening of the gloom when Belfort leaves his wife for yet another Scotswoman with literary aspirations. But he remains true to the whisky bottle and his frustrated talent. He takes an unconscionable time dying, and one reader, at all events, shed no tears when the old man's mistress took his ashes to "the windy field of Hodden and cast them on the air."

WHEN I read that Nell Gwynne, Dubarry and La Pompadour were demure dairymaids compared with the *Golden Ladies of Pampeluna* (Philip Allan and Co.; 7s. 6d.), I squared my shoulders and prepared for the worst—or the best, whichever way you like to look at it. The precaution, however, was unnecessary, and I soon relaxed. I remember once being given some liquid out of a champagne bottle—at least, I thought it was a champagne bottle: actually the stuff turned out to be cider, and not too good at that. I was disappointed. Need I say more? That bit about the dairymaids must, I fear, be taken on trust. For me Nell Gwynne, Dubarry and La Pompadour still hold the field.

"Salome"

"Salome" is one of the three photographs shown by H. F. Kells, a Canadian photographer, in the London Salon of Photography Exhibition, at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Pall Mall East. Mr. Kell's other photographs in the Exhibition, which is open until October 6th, are "Soul of the Dance" and "Death of Cleopatra"

At the Northern Meeting Games

Miss Betty Power, Mrs. Pelham-Burn, Mr. Ronald Pelham-Burn, Mr. Skene, of Pitlour, and Mr. Barnett at the Northern Meeting at Inverness, the last social affair in the Highlands, except for the Perth Meeting, after which the migrant flock entrains for the South

Capt. and Mrs. George Malcolm are with the Countess of Dunmore at the Games on the second day. Lord and Lady Dunmore took a party which included their son and daughters to the Northern Meeting dances

Highland—Lowland

The End of the Scottish Season at Inverness and North Berwick

Miss Jan Ricardo

Miss Jan Ricardo, who is a most attractive and popular person, has been staying at North Berwick with her father, Colonel Wilfrid Ricardo

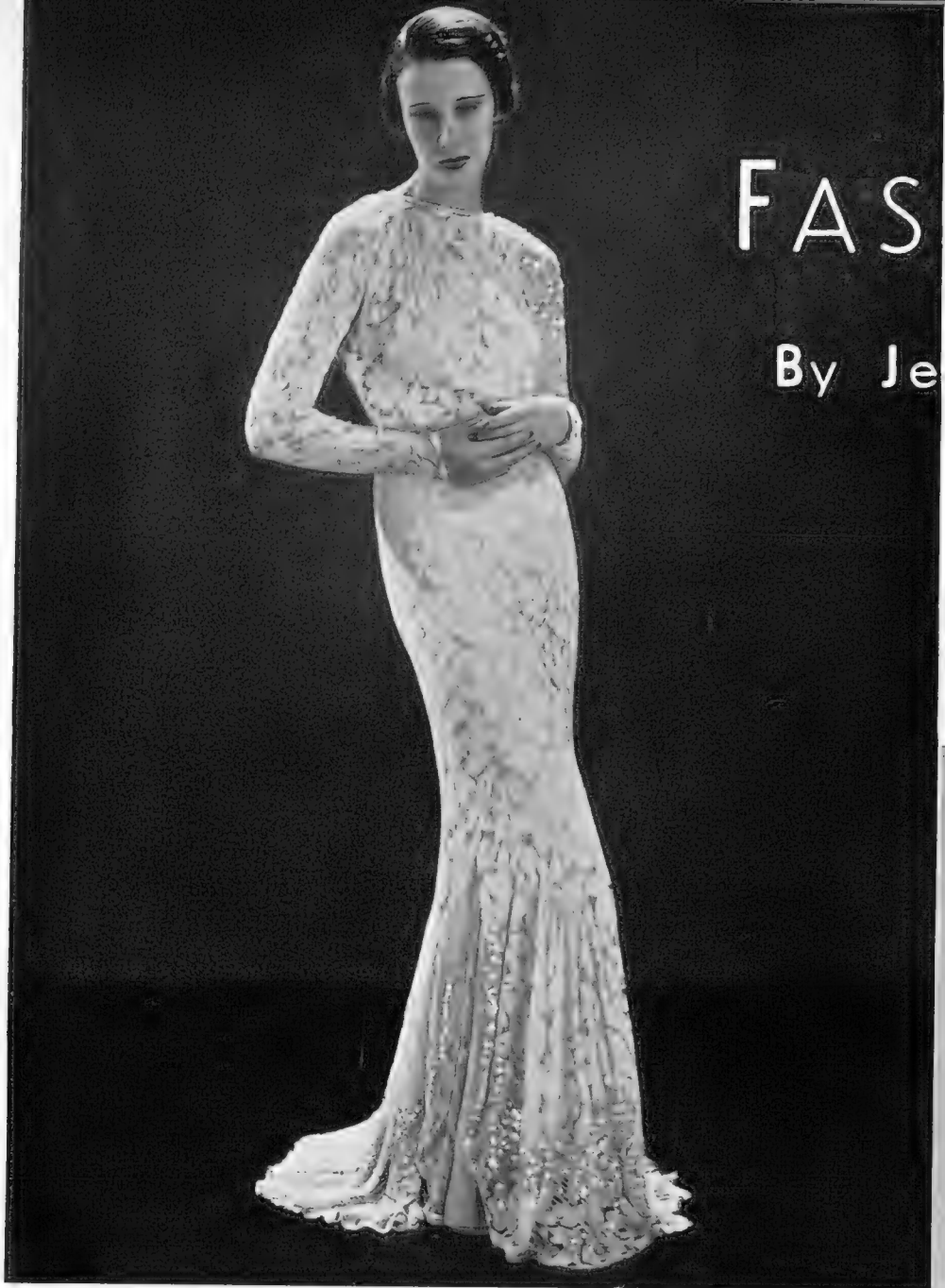
They're No Strangers

Sir David Baird, of Newbyth, and his daughter, Miss Jean Baird, are well known at North Berwick, Newbyth being only a few miles away. They now, however, live most of the time in London

Right: Capt. Cecil and Lady Doris Gunston are two more of this year's North Berwick club-swingers. Lady Doris Gunston is an aunt of Lord Dufferin

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup



Photographs by Dorvyne

THEY—which is the nonchalant way of referring to the lordly dressmakers and designers who decide what we 're to wear—have kindly given us the earth this season.

They said : " Let the people have unrestricted choice." And it is so.

Especially for evenings. You can hardly think of a line or treatment that isn't used, except the ugly, shapeless ones. The *robe de style*—all over the place, this is—the pencil line, tiers, tunics, panniers, uneven skirts, slits, trains, voluptuous fulness, high necks, or décolletages so low that they must be filled in with flowers or something for decency . . . Pay your money, and wear what suits you.

Here are two evening dress contrasts, each excellent. Worth's apple-blossom lace dress (above) is very formal, in spite of its high neck and long sleeves. The pattern is occasionally traced out in paillettes, giving glitter.

The black ottoman silk at the right is streamline, with a pointed neckline. Black stiffened lace trims it. The train has a narrow lining of scarlet flashing around the inner edge. Lucien Lelong, from Harrods.

BOND STREET AND ROUNDABOUT

By Jean Burnup

ONE fine day I took a camera-man with me and went out into the streets to discover some well-dressed women.

The idea was for him to snap them, and me to describe what they wore.

First we went up and down Bond Street and its tributaries. You won't believe it, but we saw no one worth snapping or describing, except one lovely, lanky girl who dashed by too quickly, and Lady Dudley, who was a perfect example of what the older woman should wear. (Black astrakhan coat, cut with loving care, small black hat, strapped shoes.)

On the whole, the women in Bond Street looked either dowdy or over-dressed.

So we drove slowly through Piccadilly, and on into the Park. A few horsewomen looked good, but not a smartie to be seen.

Finally, I took up a stance outside Harrods. Within five minutes we had five photographs, and I was bewildered by the continuous stream of really well-turned-out women walking in and out of the big doors.

If I were writing in the manner of someone I know, I should say at this point, this showed that Harrods was the "mecca of the well-dressed woman." Which is a nice get-out for me, because it says what I mean, and yet allows me to feel superior about not using clichés.

* * *

LET 's go through the big doors, anyway, and take a few close-ups of some of their newest things.

Whatever failures you may have in a day's shopping—and the most discriminating sometimes buys the wrong things, because you 're tired or have a sudden blind spot, or have an impulse running the wrong way—the handbag (to the left) would make up for them most adequately.

It is red calf, stitched just inside at the edge, just a comfortable size. One of the top pieces slots through the other and fastens inside.

It is one of the nicest bags I 've seen in a day's marching around. It looks very expensive. It costs a guinea.

* * *

DON'T be surprised if you wear black stockings soon.

Of course, they won't be hard black, and they 'll be as thin as thin and look like practically nothing on the leg. But there is a definite feeling in the air for dark stockings.

If you want to go in for them gradually, ask to see Harrods new French browns. They are very fine, and the colour of seal when it is old and faded. Only to be worn, of course, with dark brown and black.

If you are the kind of person who wears a lot of black, now and again you get a little yen for something glittering.

Here are two new, glittering ideas for you to be found in that seductive quarter on the ground floor which is most inadequately called "The Made Lace Department."

The drawing at the top shows you how good they can look.

Just take a bunch of lilies, black velvet and gold, and pin them to the neck of an evening dress whose unrelieved simplicity has become a little monotonous. Straightaway it has an air. The lilies cost eighteen and nine.

The little sleeve cape is pink and silver sequins. You can imagine what this would do to a severish gown that has already done a certain amount of duty for you and has become as well known as your eyes.

The sketch at the bottom shows you something last word in costume jewellery. The bracelet and clip are made in a gelatine substance squared on to a suède ground. The effect is like a glass mosaic, extremely attractive.

* * *

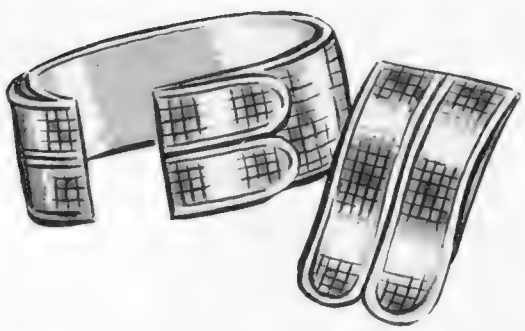
THE Cossacks are coming—an army of them, if the Russian influence that was apparent throughout the Paris collections means anything at all. I fancy it will, because it is both piquant and becoming.

Russian high necks and full sleeves are always flattering, so long as you don't exaggerate them into the imitation of a male adagio dancer's satin blouse.

There is a Cossack coat at this store which seems to me to be just right, incorporating all the good points, leaving out the extravagant. It is brown cloth, with an astrakhan collar, and fastens down on one side, with plaited frogs. It goes in fairly tight at the waist with a plaited belt, fastened with copper cones, then sways out into fullness. Six-and-a-half guineas.

While you are upstairs in the Coats Department, just walk around to the Model Gowns and take a look at the Lucile Paray black taffeta evening dress. It is worth it.

The skirt is three tiers. The neck began life very low, and was then discreetly filled in with a pink velvet bow. Pink velvet lines the shoulder-straps. They will copy it for you.



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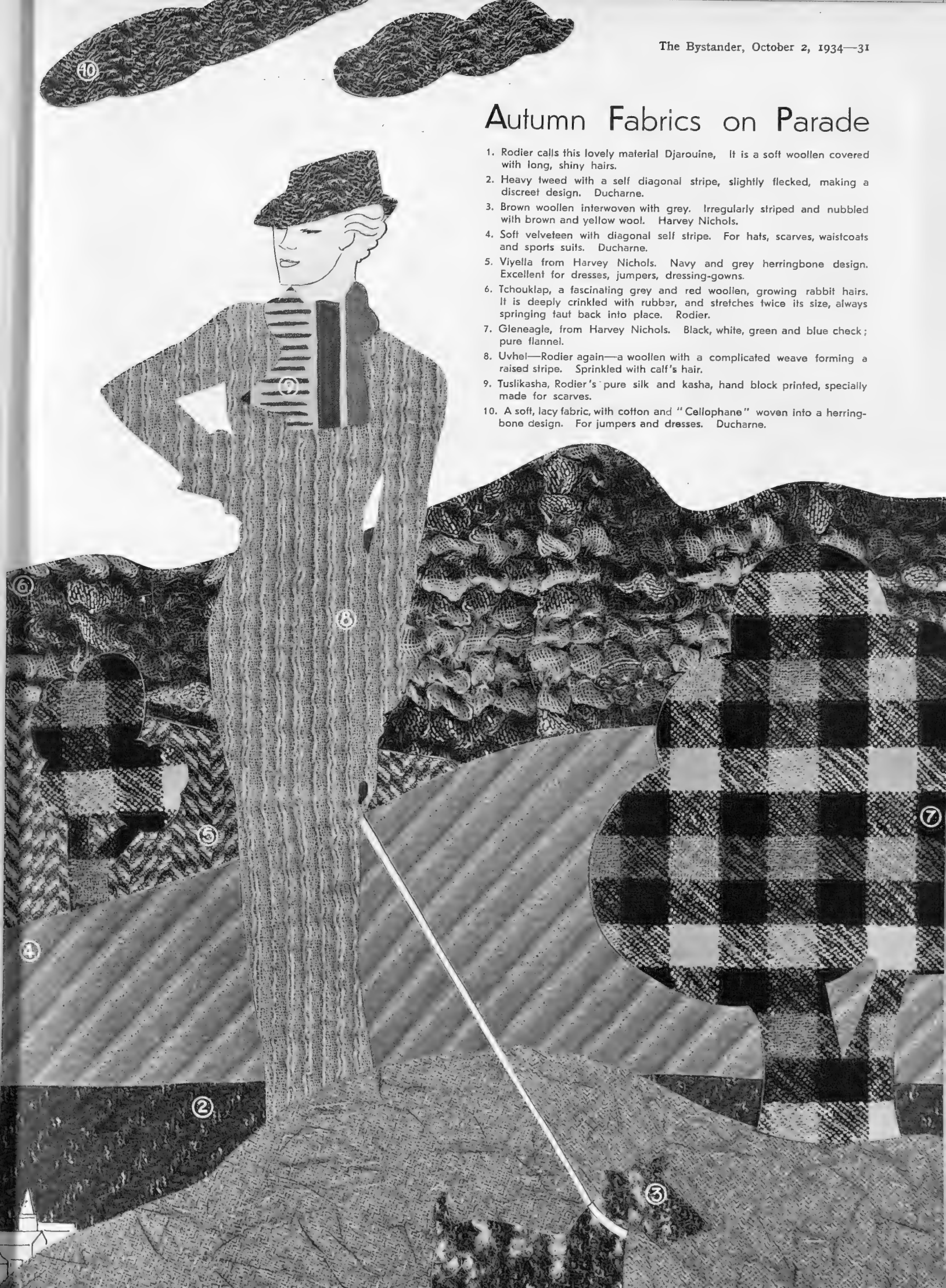
PERHAPS it was looking at elegant clothes, and all the new etceteras of fashion equipment; perhaps it was just suggestion. But, coming out of Harrods, past the window where a crowd stood gaping at the nice display of Suzy hats chosen by Princess Marina in Paris, I felt astonishingly like a well-dressed woman myself.

Autumn Fabrics on Parade

1. Rodier calls this lovely material Djarouine, It is a soft woollen covered with long, shiny hairs.
2. Heavy tweed with a self diagonal stripe, slightly flecked, making a discreet design. Ducharne.
3. Brown woollen interwoven with grey. Irregularly striped and nubbled with brown and yellow wool. Harvey Nichols.
4. Soft velveteen with diagonal self stripe. For hats, scarves, waistcoats and sports suits. Ducharne.
5. Viyella from Harvey Nichols. Navy and grey herringbone design. Excellent for dresses, jumpers, dressing-gowns.
6. Tchouklap, a fascinating grey and red woollen, growing rabbit hairs. It is deeply crinkled with rubber, and stretches twice its size, always springing taut back into place. Rodier.
7. Gleneagle, from Harvey Nichols. Black, white, green and blue check; pure flannel.
8. Uvhel—Rodier again—a woollen with a complicated weave forming a raised stripe. Sprinkled with calf's hair.
9. Tuslikasha, Rodier's pure silk and kasha, hand block printed, specially made for scarves.
10. A soft, lacy fabric, with cotton and "Cellophane" woven into a herringbone design. For jumpers and dresses. Ducharne.



Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Ignorance of the Rules

Mr. L. W. Hall, the Rosslyn Park linesman, talking to the referee, Mr. J. N. Dollar, during the interval of the match when Harlequins beat Rosslyn Park

The London Scottish entertained the Wasps at the Richmond Athletic Ground, Surrey, and the home team were beaten, after an exciting match, by 13 points to 12, thanks, in the main, to solid scrummaging by the Wasps' forwards against a heavier pack. The picture above shows a London Scottish player parting with the ball under pressure

I HAD a letter the other day from a commendably enthusiastic young player. He is, he tells me, a member of the "C" team of a famous club. He is a hooker, puzzled by the alterations in the scrummage laws. He has never, he says, read the laws, or even seen a copy of them. Well, well—!

I do not cite my correspondent because he is in any way peculiar. I cite him because he is typical of the rank and file of Rugby football. He has not read the laws. He has not seen the laws. He does not, I venture to say, care a brass farthing for the laws, and this brings us to a miracle.

Rugby football must surely be the only major game which is played by the light of nature, so to speak. The cricketer knows the rules, and the Association footballer understands the governing principles of his code. Rugby football, however, is played in blissful ignorance by youngsters who know nothing whatever of the legal basis of their pastime.

IF I may judge by my own experience—and when I was playing the laws were a closed book to me—I should say that ninety per cent. have picked up a rudimentary knowledge of the laws by experience, but have never once read them through.

This is at once odd and unfortunate. There are both wisdom and instruction to be found in the laws, and I would suggest that every club should hold a kindly examination now and again among their members on some of the more important rules. Not only would this ease the lot of referees, but it would lead to greater freedom and certainty in the actual playing of the game.

It is high time, for example, that back-row forwards realised that it is flagrantly illegal to swing out or otherwise impede the progress of the opposing scrum-half round the scrummage. I saw obstruction of this kind penalised recently by Flt.-Lieut. Jones, one of our most alert referees, but I am convinced that both the forward he penalised and the majority of spectators did not understand his very proper decisions. I have even seen responsible critics in Welsh newspapers beseeching the Welsh Selectors to pick forwards who would shield their scrum-half, a most reprehensible suggestion.

APART from this ignorance of the laws, though, the season has begun well enough. I have watched four London clubs in action, the London Scottish, Blackheath, Rosslyn Park and the Wasps, and all of them seem capable of the best kind of Rugby football. The manner of the Wasps' victory over the London Scottish was particularly pleasing, largely because it was made possible by whole-hearted scrummaging, with the forwards shoving their weight in tight and loose alike.

THE Wasps are an admirable club. They pay all their own expenses, to begin with, and they do not rely upon the brilliance of individual players for their victories, though in N. Compton they have a forward who must surely go very near an England cap. Team-work is their guiding principle, and a very satisfactory principle it has proved to be. I have no doubt that other clubs, superficially more prominent, are quietly learning lessons from the Wasps.

The Wasps forwards, incidentally, pack 3—4—1, a formation which has distinct advantages, since it brings the outside men in the second row a yard nearer the ball. If these two men can resist the temptation to over-run the ball and get off-side, there is much to be said for this method.

ALTHOUGH the Wasps just managed to beat the London Scottish, I have an idea that the Scottish will settle down into one of the most formidable teams in the country. There is plenty of stuffing among the forwards, and Lind, the International centre, is certainly going to bring life to an already swift and virile three-quarter line. A great player, this Lind, particularly in club football, with his speed off the mark, and that elusive, side-stepping run of his.

AFTER I had watched the Scottish toiling against the Wasps, I was approached by the representative of a Paris newspaper, who produced a cutting which quoted some remarks of mine upon the Rugby Union attitude towards France. He hinted that my own attitude towards France was unsympathetic. He remarked that certain French clubs were anxious to play high-brow football with certain high-brow English clubs. He asserted that the French authorities had entirely cleaned up the game, and that the "Treize," the French equivalent of the Northern Union, is being used as a dust-bin into which the undesirable elements of French Rugby football are being swept.

I said very little in reply, for my openings were few, but I was not unsympathetic. Last season the French authorities were given every opportunity by the special committee of the International Board to prove their case. They failed to do so. Until their proof is satisfactory we can do nothing, despite the fact, which I have on the best authority, that many French players consider it the moral duty of the International Board to save the game in France. In the meanwhile, my name, I gather, is mud in Paris.

RETURNING to domestic affairs once more, I am glad to hear from Mr. D. R. Gent, that astute critic, that R. Leyland, the Lancashire centre, whose promise I have already noted in the BYSTANDER this season, is going great guns. Leyland at present is turning out for Leicester, and on the wing at that, but I fancy we shall hear more of him before the Trial matches are over. Leyland is a strong, thick-set player, with a surprising burst of speed and a nose for an opening, and I suggest that he is very well worth watching. He might even prove to be the stand-off half for whom the England Selectors are already searching.

It will be difficult for Leyland to displace either Gerrard or Cranmer from the England centre. Both players have already given us a taste of their quality, and Cranmer, who has filled out since his first season in representative football, may prove a centre of the highest class.

I AM glad the Harlequins got off the mark convincingly against the more than useful Rosslyn Park side. The Harlequins have been passing through that uncomfortable phase when experienced players retire, and the raw material which fills their places remains unaccountably raw. If only G. J. Dean and C. C. McCreight could appear regularly for the Harlequins at half-back all would be well, but these two excellent players will be side-tracked into Services football before long. Still, J. S. McLean seems to be a likely centre, and the Harlequin pack shows signs of both mobility and energy.

Rugby Clubs at Home:

The Old Merchant Taylors at Teddington. Founded 1882

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

Don Hodson, the Hon. Secretary

Twin Brothers, Heck Den and Ken

"Beryl" Tebbutt, blind-side forward

W. K. Wilkins, the skipper, better known as "Skins"

Right: "Len" Bywaters, centre three-quarter

Dick Turnbull

"Al Capone" Edmunds of the pack

Bertie Hays, the President

Left: "Spruce" Spragg

Don Parry

Right: "Arno" Arnold

The Central England Open Mixed Foursomes at Woodhall Spa

Mrs. E. Baskcombe and N. J. Bacon (Cleethorpes), first-round winners against Mrs. Bloomer and A. H. Bloomer (Grimsby)

Miss N. Robson and D. S. Piper (Woodhall Spa), who lost to Miss M. Wood (Wilderness) and T. A. Wynne (Woodhall Spa)

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Harrison (Woodhall Spa), winners against Miss G. M. Cressey (Seacroft) and F. O. Johnson (Flempton)

When Should International Golf be Played?

By F. G. L. Fairlie

I have received from my Troon correspondent who signs himself "An Old Golfer," a second letter which is interesting, and which I give complete, except for the omission of the last paragraph, which, he considers, is better not put into print. In these circumstances, of course, nothing would induce me to print that paragraph, but actually I am not at all certain that he is right in saying that the criticism contained therein should not be made public, for he raises an interesting point, and one about which I should like to argue with him. However, I hope that some day my correspondent and I will meet, and we can have it out on that occasion.

He says, also, as you will notice in his first paragraph, that he would not have troubled me with another letter but for a certain remark that I made in my reply. I dislike his using that word "troubled," for I am only too pleased to receive letters such as he writes; they are of interest to all golfers, and the points which he raises are points which can be ventilated with benefit to all concerned. I also notice a friendly tone, even where his criticism is most robust, for which I am grateful to him. In a printed altercation I recently had with someone else, I noticed that such friendliness was almost startlingly absent.

This is what he says:

> "Dear Sir,—I have read with much interest your reply in last week's Bystander to the letter which I wrote you from Troon. I would not have troubled you with another letter but for your remark that evidently I had not heard of Golf Internationals being played at the beginning of a season. Well, Sir, I think you hardly did yourself justice there. The context clearly showed that I was referring to other games, and arguing that the same rule ought to prevail in golf. As a matter of fact, I was present every day of the Internationals at Troon; and having just completed a period as Captain of the club I refereed a number of the matches. The points are: (1) Are the Internationals worth while?; and (2) Should they be played in May or August? You know my answer to both of these. I would remark that if you would consider the Internationals as a nice little practice for the Amateur Championship, you cannot quite have grasped how our young players, at any rate, look upon the Internationals. After these games they would certainly wish a rest from golf for a little.
>
> I am, yours faithfully,
>
> "An Old Golfer."

I must at once say that I am extremely sorry that I misread his first letter, when I made the remark about the probability of his not having heard of Golf Internationals being played early in the season. Quite frankly, and in the friendliest possible way, I would like to point out to him that I do not think the context did clearly show that he was referring to other games and not to golf.

The two points that he raises—whether the Internationals are worth while, and whether they should be played in May or in August—are, I suppose, controversial, but one thing has definitely become quite clear from this ventilation of his letters, and that is that whether the Internationals are worth while or not is a question which will be answered in entirely different ways in the various countries concerned. I know that the answer is most definitely "Yes" in Scotland, and I am of the opinion that it would also be in the affirmative both in Ireland and in Wales. I am inclined to the opinion, however, that in England the answer would probably be "No."

With regard to the second question, whether the Internationals should be played in May or August, I very much doubt whether there is any unanimity on the point. In Scotland, I should think that August is the more popular date, since the golfing season—as I have previously pointed out—does not end by the beginning of July (as it does in England), but continues right up to the end of August, and in some localities even into September. The Irish golfing season, of course, does not close until after the Irish Championship, which is always late in the year. The Welsh Championship this year has also been late, but I am not certain whether this is a normal practice or whether it just happened in this particular season.

But in England all is over that matters in golf by the beginning of July, although there is a certain renewed activity with regard to Open Meetings and similar events with the advent of the Foursomes at Worplesdon, which forms a sort of epilogue.

It may very well be argued against me that, since the players of three countries are likely to vote for August and only those of one for May, the date should be August without question. I am not going to argue the point, excepting to say that I still consider August very much too late in the season; that I still think that if golfers have to remain in practice throughout all those months of competitive golf, they are making rather a business of the game—which, to my mind, is definitely wrong. For although we should take our International golf possibly more seriously than we would take an ordinary game against a perfectly ordinary friend, yet I do not think that any sporting event should be taken so seriously that it becomes more of a work than a pleasure. International golf in August, as far as I can see, is *definitely* nearer work than fun.

My correspondent remarks that if I consider the Internationals as pleasant little practice games for the Championship, I cannot have grasped how our younger players look upon the Internationals. If this criticism is correct, I am not at all certain that I am anything but pleased at being open to it. I feel rather proud of the accusation, because I do not think the Championship or the Internationals should be treated so seriously as all that; in fact, if an International match cannot be played as a friendly game, I am not at all sure that my own personal answer to the first question that my correspondent raises earlier in his letter, as to whether Internationals are worth while or not, is not in the negative. For heaven's sake let's get recreation out of our recreations.

Golf Clubs at Home

Rhyl Golf Club, Flintshire

(1) E. J. Cox and Percy W. Cox. (2) N. J. Stewart and D. A. Rodger (Committee-man). (3) C. H. L. Turner (Joint Hon. Secretary), and L. Mortimer. (4) S. Williams and C. J. Turner (two of the oldest members). (5) G. J. Finlay (Joint Hon. Secretary) and Dr. A. E. Roberts (Captain of the Club). (6) A. W. French and A. J. Palmer. (7) H. J. Humphries and C. L. Stewart. (8) W. J. Rowley and J. Martin

Central England Open Mixed Foursomes

Miss M. Wood (Wilderness) and T. A. Wynne (Woodhall Spa), who beat Miss N. Robson and D. S. Piper (Woodhall Spa) in the first round

Top: Miss K. Garnham (Naze) and Ian Baillieu (Frinton), winners of their first-round match against Miss P. Sharman and H. G. Sharman (Woodhall Spa). Above: Miss M. Paton (Wentworth) and E. A. Swatton Brooks (Maidenhead), who were defeated in their first-round match

Women's Golf:

Empire Events

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I DON'T mean that we are in the throes of British Empire Games again, or anything like that, by this title, but here we are deeply interested by the results in the Canadian Championship at Toronto, and also equally thrilled because little Betty Frost, aged eighteen, who made such a brave but unsuccessful bid for the Girls' Championship, is now in the final of the Central England Mixed Foursomes, at Woodhall Spa.

TORONTO provided something like a comeback for Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser, who, I still think, is one of the soundest golfers who ever crossed the Atlantic to play in the British Championship, and thwarted largely by the gale that helped Miss Cecil Leitch to defeat her at Turnberry. But that was some time ago—thirteen years, to be exact. It really was a mighty good effort to pull off the Canadian, with so many of our British team playing in it into the bargain. Perhaps they did their share for her by putting out each other; perhaps Miss Ada Mackenzie, the holder, felt anything a bit of an anti-climax after her great 5 and 4 win in the semi-final from Miss Molly Gourlay. Still, I, for one, shall not only take off my hat, but wave it, for Mrs. Fraser, because she has shown herself a great golfer again.

It is a most uncomfortably wet hat at the minute, for nastier weather than has descended on the Central England Open Mixed Foursomes at Woodhall Spa it has seldom been my lot to watch in. That is extremely hard on the little bit of Empire represented by Miss Betty Frost, for the weather does not do such things in South Africa apparently, and it is infinitely colder here now than she has ever known it, even in winter. I seldom saw anybody colder than she was this morning, unless it were Miss Baird and Miss Jessie Anderson, in the Scottish final this June. However, she is playing rare good golf, and though I would risk my prophetic reputation on saying that Miss Ann de Montmorency and Mr. John Morrison will win in the thirty-six-hole final, Miss Frost has very emphatically shown what she can do at a pinch, especially with a partner behind her such as Mr. Tom Day, of Dewsbury.

THESE C.E.M.F. are rare fun. Nothing is too fierce or formal at Woodhall; they leave ferocity to the course, which has grown a big crop of new bunkers since I was here last, and there is a jolly, friendly atmosphere about the golf which is most refreshing. Of course, John Morrison *might* have dared to come out elsewhere in a mackintosh skirt, his fair partner being in trousers, but here everybody took the joke in the best of good part, and the ladies retaliated by wearing trousers in large numbers. Very nice they looked in them, too, all happening to be of the right configuration.

Leaving frivolity aside, however, Miss de Montmorency and Mr. Morrison were really very impressive as to golf on the first morning, though their figures—I mean, for the holes—were not quite so startling as the 37 out produced by an eight-handicap pair, Mrs. Baskcombe and Mr. N. J. Bacon. But Mr. Morrison was a model of steadiness, and his partner played really first-class golf, the kind to make a Surreyite wish devoutly that she were to be playing for the side in the County Finals at Skegness. The impressions which remain of the first day, apart from the cold and the rain, are of Miss de Montmorency's fine golf, and the amazingly brilliant shots which Mr. Day hurled at hapless opponents at critical moments. I shall be an old woman sitting by the fireside before I forget his iron to the eighteenth in their match against the holders, Miss Diana Taylor and Mr. Grunnill, and the chip over the broom-bush which won the match at the twentieth. Miss Frost's two-yard putts to put the crown on both shots were equally to be remembered for ever and a day.

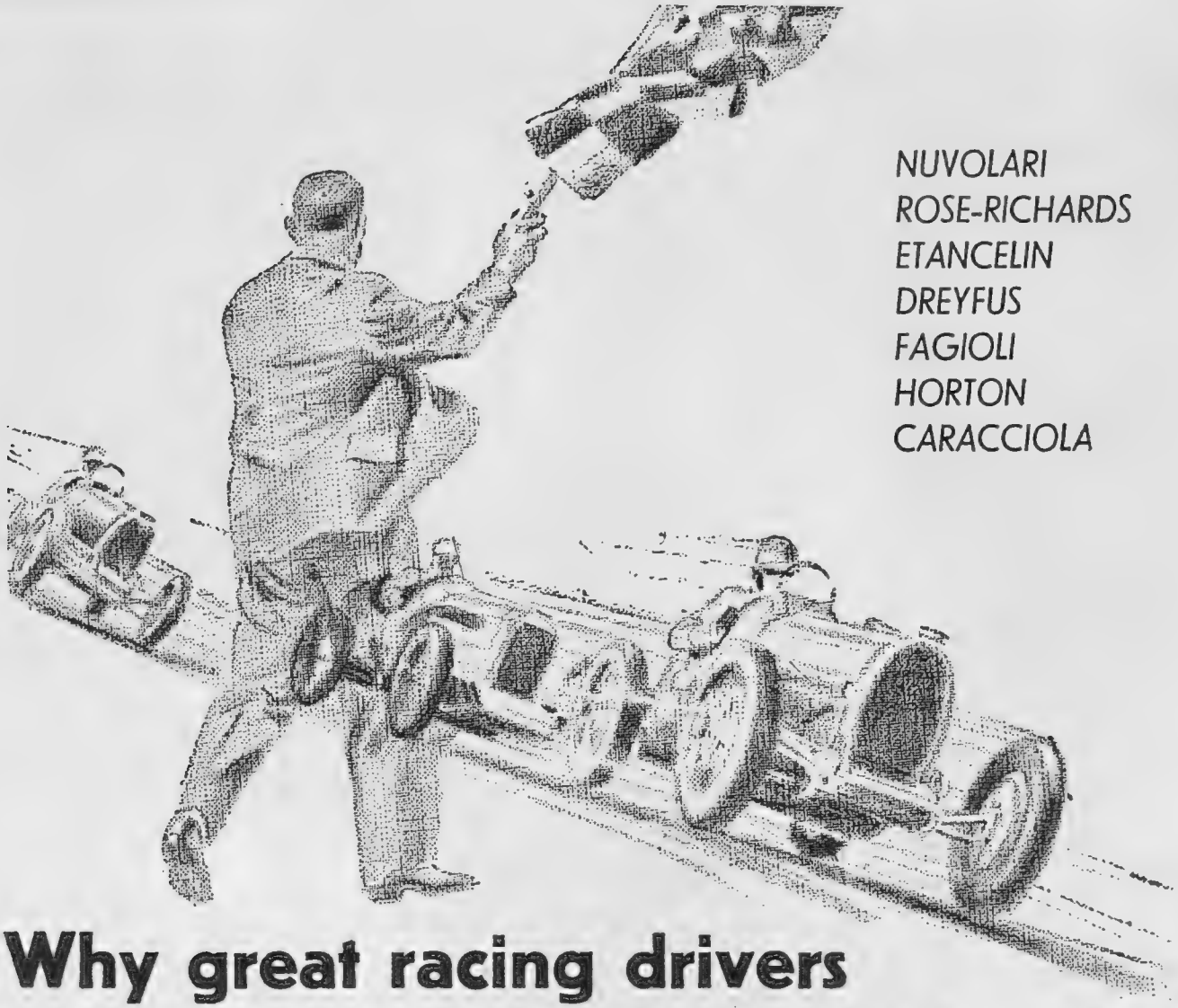
So was her five-yarder in the semi-final at the eighteenth, which gave her side the match against Miss Garnham and Mr. Baillieu after they had been two down early, one up, one down, and two to go, all square and one. It was magnificent fighting and putting, and shows Miss Frost to be just made up of determination and cool pluck. I don't feel Miss Garnham quite did herself justice up here. She seemed a little overburdened with her plus 3 and a 12-handicap partner, though the latter contributed some grand putting. But opinion is general that the two right couples have come through to the final, and we are all looking forward to a great finish.

MISS FROST is playing in our Ranelagh Foursomes with Miss Marsden, a good pair amongst many, of whom the back-markers are Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Millicent Couper, at handicap one.

I shan't have Miss Livingstone there to keep everybody happy, everybody glad. She is now Mrs. John Gordon Black, having been married last week in Bombay. I dare say Kashmir is better than Ranelagh, but I also know that we mean to have a real cheery time there, too.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.



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Taking a Line

H. C. C. Laird, the famous Harlequin and International stand-off half, who played the part of linesman for his club in the match against Rosslyn Park

En Vacances Sasha

Col. Warwick Wright, the well-known motorist and European agent for Hupmobile Cars, enjoys a standing breakfast in Corsica

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

WELL, it's good-bye to all that! The Australians have gone back; our good friend, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith has finished his great endeavour—by this time we know, of course, just where the rainbow ends; and now we've put all the lazy days of summer behind us and are well in the midst of the fire and fury of football.

First, let us take a look at the Australians. They came, they saw, and they conquered. And, despite all the lashings of our Yellow Press and our jazz journalists, they went through the Test tour without any bitterness.

I predicted, before the cricket season got really going, there would be some trouble over Larwood. There was. It was inevitable. But, apart from that, and also the blarney raised when Voce sent down some head-high deliveries in the waning light of a Trent Bridge day, the tour was a happy affair.

THE Australians arrived with a certain dour and determined air about them. Hemmed around by hush-hush orders—at first they were terribly afraid to speak to any newspaper-men—they were a taciturn lot; but gradually they got to know just who was who, and once you got into their confidence you found them a very charming set of fellows.

The best of the bunch? Well, I plump for perky little Oldfield. But a friend of mine, who went fishing off Scarborough with some of the Australians, tells me that he has never met more likeable lads than Kippax, probably the greatest stylist in cricket to-day, and "Tim" Wall, the long-striding fast bowler.

However, to get back to the lessons of this Australian tour. Straightway there comes to mind the attitude of the M.C.C. over this leg-theory—I refused to call it "body-line"—business. I am very much afraid the mandarins of English cricket have shown themselves to be a pretty shilly-shallying crowd. They had a real chance to settle the differences between English and Australian sportsmen once and for all time. Did they do it? Not a bit of it. The tour dragged on with the controversy stalking like a grey ghost behind the Australians; indeed, it says much for them that it did not frighten them into defeat in many of their matches.

Then, with the season's end, came that mysterious meeting at Lord's. You know, the conference on "certain cricket matters," as it was so quaintly put, between the M.C.C. sub-committee and leading members of the Australian Test touring party.

What happened? The M.C.C. locked the pavilion doors. All journalists were rigorously excluded from the sacred precincts. And then, after a conference lasting two hours, the Lord's officials stated that there was absolutely no news for the public!

Finally, Sir Stanley Jackson, whose diplomatic experience has obviously given him a flair for making ambiguous statements, came along to say that "Sooner or later, I suppose, the public must have some statement." Well, well! What a way to put it!

OF course, there isn't one of us who does not know that the whole question of leg-theory bowling was thrashed out at that hush-hush Lord's conference. But why on earth didn't the M.C.C. come right out in the open and tell us the facts—or, at least, tell us that leg-theory was discussed and that they would issue an official pronouncement on a certain date?

Truth is, those in high command of cricket don't seem to care a brass button for you and me and the fellow who pays his nimble shilling or so to keep the game going. We get treated rather indifferently, in fact, these days. . . . And yet we get the M.C.C. members bemoaning the falling-off of interest in cricket. Can you wonder at it?

AS with cricket, so with Rugby. We have just had a classic example of the haphazard manner in which the great Moguls of the game give out public pronouncements. In a delightfully vague rigmarole, they left us guessing as to their exact intentions with regard to healing the breach with France. Indeed, the B.B.C. were caught napping for once, and gave out in a news bulletin that English clubs would again be able to play matches in France.

Well, that was nothing like the case. And now, after much inquiry, I find that the Union have no intention to raise the bar on French clubs.

The trouble is that France has not yet set her house in good order, and that the taint of professionalism still lingers around some of her players. This, plus frequent reports of rough play, is not going to patch up the differences between our Union and the men in authority in France.

HOWEVER, to get back to the need for crystal-clear statements by our leading sports bodies. It would be a good sign, I think, if the M.C.C. and the Rugby Union were to be seen studying the ways of the Football Association. There is no doubt that the F.A. comes out strong when putting matters before the public: they lay their cards face up on the table—and you know just what is what.

But there, I suppose the F.A. are fully aware that they are catering for a vast public which will stand no nonsense. The secret of "Soccer's" popularity is that it is not surrounded by a high ritual, with a few

A Golfing Double

David Goldman (left) defeated in the final of the U.S. Amateur Golf Championship by W. Lawson Little (right), who thus won the English and American Championship titles in the same year. That emblem of victory, the Cup, can be seen in the background

high priests performing Byzantine genuflexions quite incomprehensible to we poor boobs!

Take a look at "Soccer" laws, for instance, and compare them with the rules which govern "Rugger." What will you find? Why, "Soccer" rulings are as straightforward and intelligible as a chapter from Somerset Maugham; but Rugby laws—with their "Section V.s, e, c, and d," they're about as easy to understand as James Joyce in his best "new language" literature! In fact, I always read the rules of Rugby with the feeling that I am viewing the death struggles of a mammoth.

STILL, "Soccer" has its problems just now. Chief of them is over playing policy. On the one hand we have the supporters of the attacking centre-half-back; on the other, we find those who favour the centre-half as a "third back," his principal mission in life being to close the down-the-middle door.

I had a sneaking wish to see the attacking pivot come back to the game. I thought it would make for more spectacular football; but after seeing the idea put into practice by one or two clubs—notably, Fulham—I am forced to admit that modern "Soccer" must retain the "third back."

Only one thing can bring about the return of the attacking centre-half, and that is for the off-side rule to revert to its old form—that is, to make a man off-side if he receives the ball when there are only two men between him and the goalkeeper. Well, do we want those bad old days back again, when the referee's whistle was loud in the land and many matches were merely affairs of free-kicks for off-side? Of course we don't.

As it is, the scientific style of "third back" game is every bit as spectacular as old-time football. It has created a new technique and with it a new technician: the inside forward is now a sort of liaison officer between attack and defence. Simply, he is to "Soccer" what a roving forward is to "Rugger."

Alex James, the "Soccer" genius of the Arsenal, has made this style of play one of the most brilliant things in the game. And one afternoon of Alex James is, quite candidly, worth a whole season of the tearaway attacking stuff which we so fondly associate with the Corinthians of the dim and distant days.

AND now I have little space left me in which to tell you of the splendid fight which Nel Tarleton, the Liverpool featherweight, made in his world title bid against Freddie Miller, the American holder of the championship. It was a splendid fight; one which would, I think, have gone Tarleton's way had he known just how to deal with Miller's curious fighting stance. The American is a left-hander—that is, in boxing parlance, a "southpaw"—and boxing as he did, with right foot and arm forward, he puzzled Tarleton mightily in the early rounds.

Tarleton deserves another chance against Miller, and I hope he gets it.

Left: Wilmer Allison (left) with F. J. Perry, his conqueror in the American Men's Singles Lawn-Tennis Championships. Perry thus won the American, Australian, as well as THE Championship at Wimbledon in one year, and went on to win the Pacific South-West Championship for the third year in succession

International Lawn Tennis Rivalry

Below: Mr. Peter Haig Thomas imparts a few words of advice to the Oxford Eight before they depart for a spin. A party of twelve oarsmen are staying at Henley in order to benefit by coaching

Early Practice for the Boat Race

The Central England Mixed Foursomes at Woodhall Spa

A. H. Bloomer and Mrs. Bloomer (Grimsby), who lost to N. J. Bacon and Mrs. F. Baskcombe (Cleethorpes) by 7 and 5, in the first round

H. G. Sharman and Miss Sharman (Woodhall Spa), who were beaten by Ian Baillieu (Frinton) and Miss K. Garnham (The Naze) in the first round, by 5 and 4

Left: Captain H. M. Wardrop (Secretary, Woodhall Spa Golf Club), with Mrs. T. H. Bowman (Seacroft) and W. J. Alexander (Woodhall Spa), first round winners against E. A. Swatton-Brooks (Maidenhead) and Miss M. Paton (Wentworth)

Below: J. S. F. Morrison and Miss A. de Montmorency (Sunningdale) and their first-round opponents, Miss Ireland (Sleaford) and T. Pope (Oxhey). The former pair won the final by beating Tom Day (Densbury) and Miss Betty Frost (South Africa)

Miss Betty Frost (South Africa) and Tom Day (Densbury), the finalists, who lost their match against J. S. F. Morrison and Miss A. de Montmorency by 4 and 3

Photo. E. O. HOPPÉ.

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An attractive photograph of an attractive car. The new Morris-Oxford 20-h.p. Six Special Coupé. The body has been designed to allow for ample elbow and leg room in the back seats

Silent Motoring—By Order

By

The Earl of Cardigan

Right: a picture of the 1935 Standard "Nine" four-door de luxe saloon which should make a host of converts to this economical yet extremely trustworthy class

THE recent Ministry of Transport order, banning all motor horns within built-up areas during certain hours of the night, seems to have met with a mixed reception. There are certain motorists, and apparently many local authorities, who resent what is regarded as Ministerial interference. There are others who regard Mr. Hore-Belisha's edict as a valuable step towards the ideal of sane, considerate motoring.

Personally, I have always been of the opinion that motor horns are used far too much, and with far too little discrimination. Hence, I am definitely in favour of any move to prevent or limit horn-blowing. I would almost go so far as to predict that motoring would be safer if horns were abolished altogether!

This latter proposition is, perhaps, somewhat too drastic to be altogether practical; and one must not carry even a good idea to excess. There are occasions—let us admit it—when a blast of the horn is useful, and may even be essential. My point is that such occasions are rare; that horn-blowing should be the exception rather than the rule.

LET us consider a typical case in which the problem of "to hoot or not to hoot" arises. A motorist is driving along a secondary road, and comes to a crossing which is guarded by the sign, "Go Slow: Major Road Ahead." Nine times out of ten, he will sound a long blast on his horn before proceeding; but is he right in so doing? Personally, I think that he is wrong.

What exactly does our motorist imply when he sounds his horn under such circumstances? How is his raucous message to be interpreted? As far as I can see, the only possible interpretation is, "Look out! I am going to cross."

Now, is the motorist on the side road entitled to speak thus to other motorists passing on the main road? I maintain that he is not. I suggest that such a message is grossly presumptuous, inasmuch as it challenges the "right of way" which should be generally conceded by side-road traffic to vehicles using the superior thoroughfare.

In other words, the side-road motorist is shouting, "Look out!" to others, when common sense should tell him to attend to the necessary "looking-out" himself.

IT may be argued that to sound the horn, in such a case, can do no particular harm. In my view, however, the harm that it does may be infinite. It is extremely difficult for a motorist, having sounded his horn, to avoid the feeling that he has thereby done something to justify his emergence on to the main road. In the event of an accident, he is prepared to say: "But I *did* sound my horn," and to advance this as an excuse for having miserably failed to take adequate additional precautions.

I AM not suggesting that the average motorist is so mad as to charge out on to a main road, having sounded his horn, in an utterly irresponsible manner. What I do say is that he emerges at 15 m.p.h., when, if he were forced to depend solely on his eyesight for his assurance of the road being clear, he should be moving at 5 m.p.h. only. The noise of his own horn gives him a sort of "Dutch courage" which his reason, if he paused to use it, could never endorse.

This was brought home to me a few years ago, when I had occasion to drive some distance in a car which, through electrical failure, had no horn at all. I flatter myself that I always drive reasonably safely; but there is no denying that I drove ten per cent. *more* safely that day than ever before. Lacking a horn, I found myself extraordinarily reluctant to take anything even remotely resembling a risk.

There were moments, of course, when a horn would have been welcome—when a gentle toot would have helped me on my way. At such times, my enforced silence caused me to exercise more than ordinary patience, as in waiting for an absolutely clear road and a friendly signal before venturing to overtake. It might, perhaps, have been rather trying if I had been in a hurry, or if the traffic had been congested or awkward.

If a horn is but rarely essential by day, it is hardly ever called for after dark. On the open road, one can easily drive all night in perfect silence. One's headlamps are quite sufficient to announce one's presence, to give discreet warning at danger points, and to convey a polite request to the slow driver in front. Their beam does everything that the note of a horn could do, and does it rather more agreeably.

IN towns, it is a rather different matter. One cannot keep one's headlamps permanently on, and it is a tedious business, besides being an annoyance to others, to keep flicking them on and off. On the other hand, under town conditions, it is very seldom indeed that a blast of the horn serves any vital purpose. It is useless to hoot at the urban pedestrian: one is accustomed to dodging him, and he expects to be dodged. Traffic in the main streets has a prior right of way, which the side-street traffic is not likely to dispute.

It is only where a number of small streets, all of about equal importance, cross one another that difficulty is likely to arise. If the no-hooting order gives rise to accidents anywhere, I shall expect to hear of such accidents in places like Soho. A cure would be to label some of the streets as superior, and some as inferior highways, if necessary making quite arbitrary distinctions.

FOR the most part, I believe that the compulsory silencing of motorists will work well. Sounder sleep will no doubt be enjoyed by town-dwellers; but this may turn out to be among the least of the advantages secured.

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Flying to the Continent

By Charles Ward

The Air Way for Comfort

SOMETHING more than an easy chair is required for comfort in the air. Travellers expect the cabin to be quiet enough for conversation, and the temperature to be regulated so that they can wear ordinary clothes. This is the standard which has been established by Imperial Airways, and the success of their policy is proved by the fact that they were able to run five return services a day between London and Paris throughout the summer, carrying full loads on practically every trip. It is true that speed is important in air travel, but on the short journey to Paris the luxury liner will always attract the cream of the traffic. Quite different conditions apply on long-distance routes. People want to cover the ground as quickly as possible, and with the minimum number of changes from one 'plane to another, and from 'plane to ground. Here is a problem which we have not solved—that of carrying passengers over long distances without stopping every night so that they may enjoy a few restless hours at an hotel. Air sleepers must come, and a trial might well be made on the Mediterranean service by using a larger type of flying-boat. The first of the new liners for the Singapore-Australia route will be put into service officially by the Duke of Gloucester at Erisbane, on December 10th.

'Planes for the Owner-Pilot

THE "Weir" Autogiro, illustrated on this page, has been designed to meet the demand for a cheap aeroplane which will be safe in the hands of anybody. I can see only one disadvantage in a single-seater: although he travels fastest who travels alone, so many people prefer to be matey and take longer over the journey. There is a tendency for owner-pilots to demand larger machines rather than smaller ones. The open two-seater Moth was succeeded by the Puss Moth and the Leopard, the latter definitely a three-seater. Most of the American touring 'planes carry four or five people, but, so far, the only British 'planes in this category are the Commodore and the Courier, if one excludes the twin-engined luxury of the Dragon, the Monospar, and the Scion. The Prince of Wales's Dragon is easily the smartest owner-pilot's 'plane in the country. The Prince's journeys by air are so frequent that they have ceased to be subject for comment. The Duke of Gloucester chartered one of the Misr Airwork's Dragons in Egypt during the time H.M.S. Sussex was threading its way through the Suez Canal: Captain "Tony" Spooner was the pilot. Lord Lloyd is flying again at Heston, and Lady Louise Montagu is progressing with her advanced aerobatics. Prince Omar Halim is a new owner-pilot in Egypt, having bought a Hawk Major from Misr Airwork.

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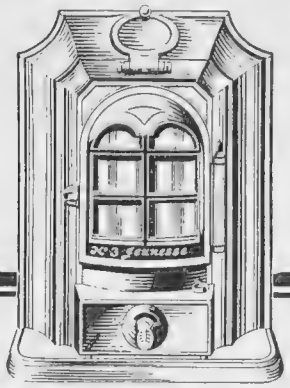

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The story of Torquay is told in word and picture in the White Guide, post free from BERKELEY HOLLYER, Corporation Publicity Manager, 17, Marine Spa Offices, Torquay.

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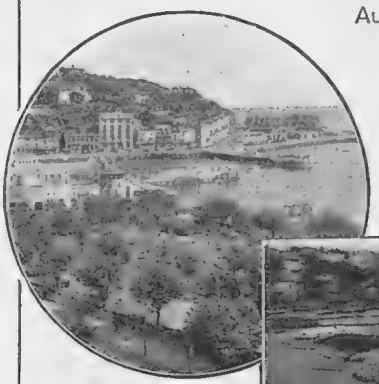

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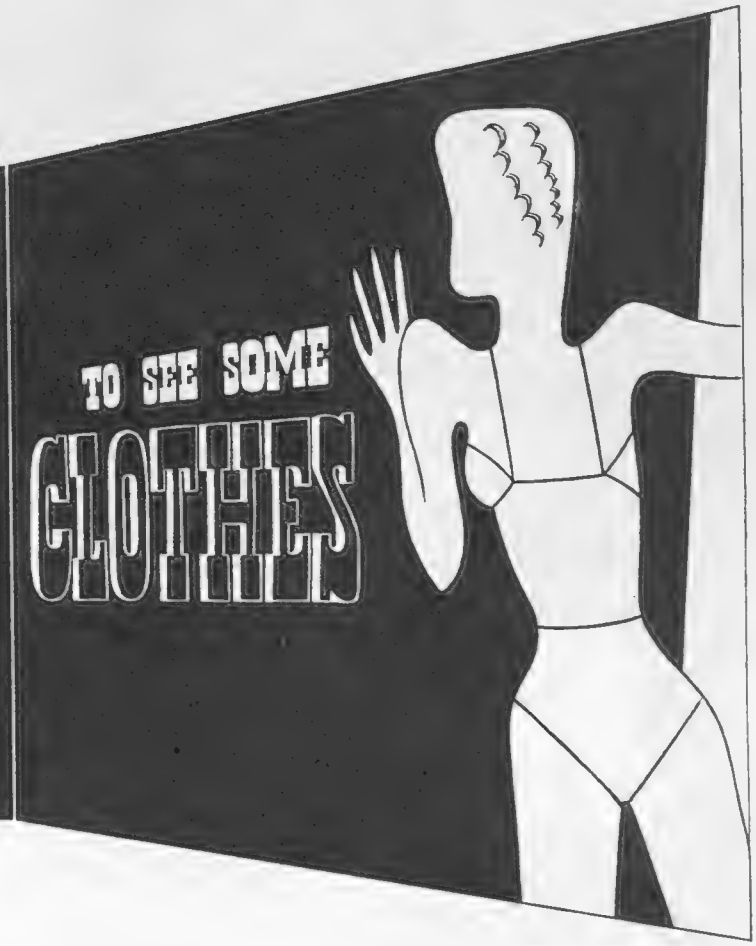

The Editor's Box

Prince George's Wedding-Cake

In preparation for the marriage of Prince George and Princess Marina, the order for the royal wedding-cake has now been placed. Messrs. McVitie and Price, Ltd., the famous biscuit and cake manufacturers, have had the honour of being entrusted with the order, and the cake will be made at their Edinburgh works, whilst the icing will be done at the Harlesden works, London. The cake will be over nine feet high, with a weight of 800 lb., and as the ingredients are to be of Empire origin, it will be truly a British Empire cake. When completed, it will be mounted on a solid silver stand of exceptional design.

Guests at the Burgh Island Hotel taking part in a fancy-dress "rag" to celebrate the legend that Tom Crocker, the notorious pirate, returned to his island every year

At Burgh Island

Burgh Island was the home of the notorious pirate, Tom Crocker, and in order to celebrate the legend that he pays the island a visit once a year, this anniversary was celebrated by Mr. K. S. Tew, manager of the Burgh Island Hotel, in an appropriate manner. The guests rushed to Plymouth, scoured the city for pirate clothes and make-up, and returned in pirate rig for a "rag." This innovation was such an unqualified success and proved so enjoyable that it is probable that it will become an annual event at the Burgh Island Hotel.

How to Learn to Broadcast

Something new in schools is to be found at 131-4, New Bond Street, W.1, where the London School of Broadcasting teaches pupils how to speak before the microphone and acquire the necessary technique for this form of very public speaking. Rehearsals under B.B.C. conditions and careful coaching by established broadcast experts ensure the acquirement of complete confidence and ability. Mr. Bertram Fryer is the managing-director and founder, and his long association with the B.B.C. specially fits him to give tuition on the microphone.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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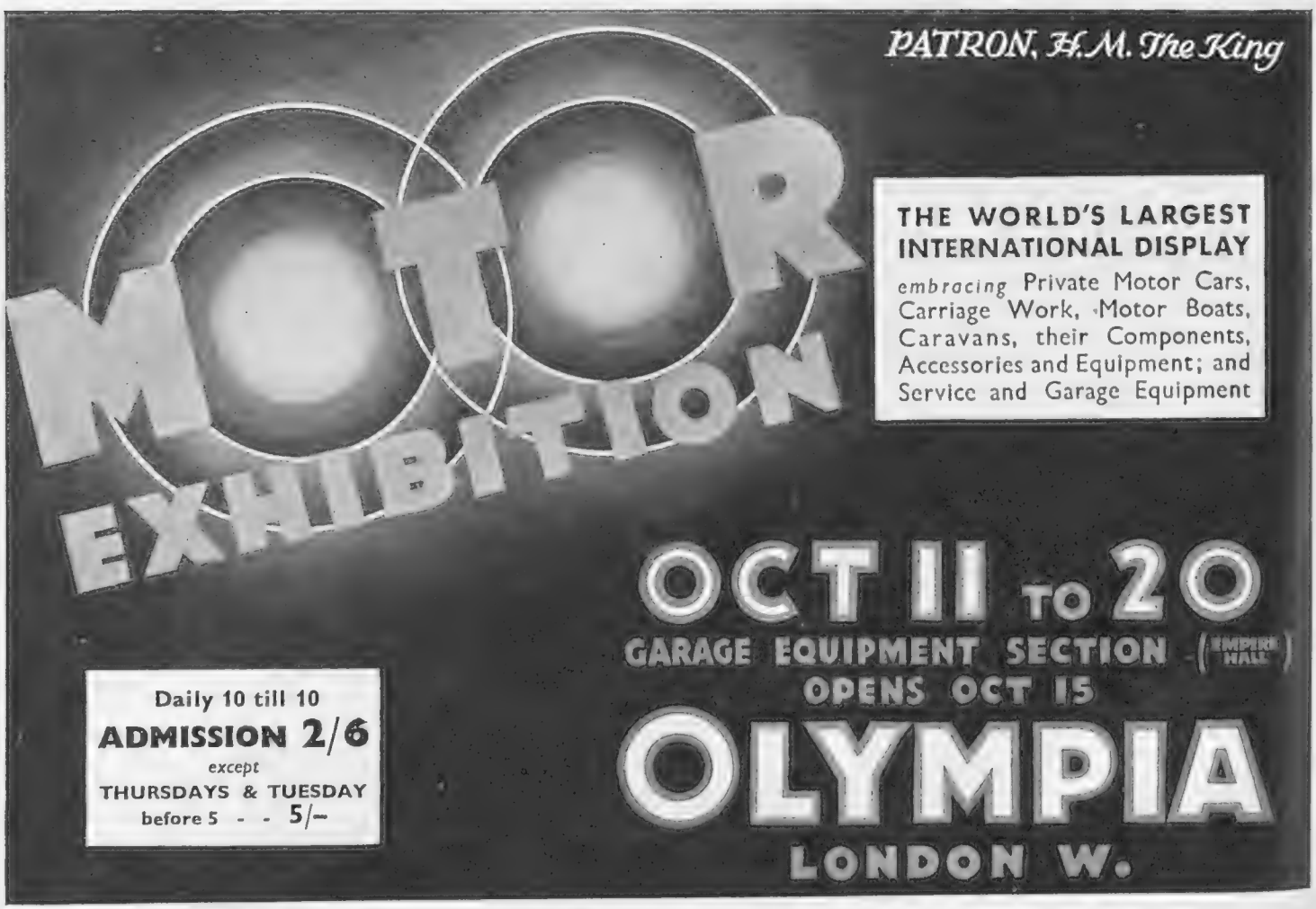

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THE THEATRE

Plays

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.—The Open-Air Theatre cast, plus Oscar Asche as the Emperor; also a Molière farce, *Love is the Best Doctor*: Winter Garden, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—Mary Newcombe as Cleopatra, Wilfrid Lawson as Antony, Maurice Evans, Nancy Hornsby, Abraham Sofaer: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU DESIRE ME.—Jean Forbes-Robertson as Elma, Peter Godfrey as Carl Salter in this Pirandello play: Royalty.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine: Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JOSEPHINE.—Frank Vosper and Mary Ellis and a fine cast in a sadly disappointing play about Napoleon: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Leon M. Lion as a K.C., Malcolm Keen and Doris Lytton: Aldwych, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, with a good trial scene before the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Criterion, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée Jill (Esmond); Lewis Casson as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MIRACLE IN MAYFAIR.—A play about Mary Baker Eddy (Sara Allgood) by Ernst Toller and Hermann Kesten: Gate.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—A humorous, intelligent, interesting comedy with a rich Irish atmosphere, by Denis Johnston; Godfrey Keaton, Esmé Percy, Gerard Tyrrell, Marie Ault: Westminster.

MOONLIGHT IS SILVER.—Gertrude Lawrence gay and graceful as the wife, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as her jealous husband, Barry Jones excellent as her supposed lover, in Clemence Dane's drawing-room comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE NIGHT HAWK.—An unconvincing play about a face-lifting doctor and a prostitute; Beatrix Thomson acts well as the latter: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrianne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A new version of this light musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of dancing and good humour, with a huge star cast: Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Ly-Jana, Naunton Wayne and innumerable others: Palace.

YES, MADAM!—Bobbie Howes, Binnie Hale, Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, Billy Leonard, in a new musical comedy: Hippodrome, 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy; Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—Shaun Glenville as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Wyndham's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

QUEER CARGO.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 48.—(Third Year). Gus Chevalier, Eddie Kelland, Morgan Davies, Beryl Beresford, and Milne and West. Non-stop, 1.30-11.30: Windmill.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin: Bernard Lee is the hero: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHO'S WHO.—Peter Haddon is the Earl and Lilian Bond is Polly Brown in this Wodehouse comedy; Violet Vanbrugh, Laurence Grossmith, Enid Stamp-Taylor are in it too: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

LUCKY BREAK.—The new Leslie Henson musical comedy, plus Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, Adele Dixon, David Hutcheson: Strand, to-night.

HI DIDDLE DIDDLE.—A Charlot revue, with June, John Tilley, Douglas Byng, Walter Crisham, Edward Cooper, Doris Hare: Comedy, October 3rd.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—Walter Hackett's new comedy with Marion Lorne, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts: Apollo, October 4th.

THE LIFE THAT I GAVE THEE.—Nancy Price and Peggy Ashcroft in the Pirandello play: Little, October 4th.

CINEMAS

BLOSSOM TIME.—Richard Tauber's first British picture; the singer is supported in this romantic piece by Jane Baxter, Athene Seyler, Carl Esmond, Paul Graetz, and a lot more: Regal.

EVENSONG.—Evelyn Laye acts well as the prima-donna, Fritz Koerner excellent as her manager, Carl Esmond a handsome lover in this attractive but slow-moving picture: Tivoli, last day.

HIT ME AGAIN.—Comedy stuff, with Joan Blondell, Edward Everett Horton and Warren William: Capitol.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss as the famous financier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

JEW SÜSS.—Conrad Veidt as the Jew with Gerald du Maurier, Cedric Hardwicke, Frank Vosper, Benita Hume: Tivoli, from to-morrow.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Margaret Sullavan and Douglas Montgomery in the film version of the much-discussed German novel: Empire.

DR. MABUSE.—Fritz Lang's great hypnotist-villain reappears in a superbly produced thriller: Academy.

MY SONG FOR YOU.—Another opera-singer her Jan Kiepura; Sonnie Hale is his manager, Aileen Marson the girl-friend: New Gallery.

NELL GWYN.—Anna Neagle as Nell and Cedric Hardwicke as Charles II. in another and excellent historical film: Leicester Square.

NOW AND FOR EVER.—A happy-ending story, with Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard, Shirley Temple and Guy Standing: Plaza.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE.—Another singing love-tale with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN.—Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, as the Don, Benita Hume as his wife; Merle Oberon leads the galaxy of lovelies: London Pavilion.

THE SLUMP IS OVER.—Albert Prejean and Danielle Darrieux in a gay and amusing film, with catchy music: Curzon.

SPITFIRE.—Katharine Hepburn's film, and *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Polytechnic.

OPERA AND BALLET

AT SADLER'S WELLS:—

FETE POLONAISE, THE HAUNTED BALLROOM, and LES RENDEZVOUS: Oct. 2nd, 8.30.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: Oct. 3rd, 8.

MADAM BUTTERFLY: Oct. 4th, 8.

FAUST: With full ballet: Oct. 5th, 8.

FETE POLONAISE and GISELLE: Oct. 6th, 2.30.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: Oct. 6th, 7.45.

(*Continued on page D*)

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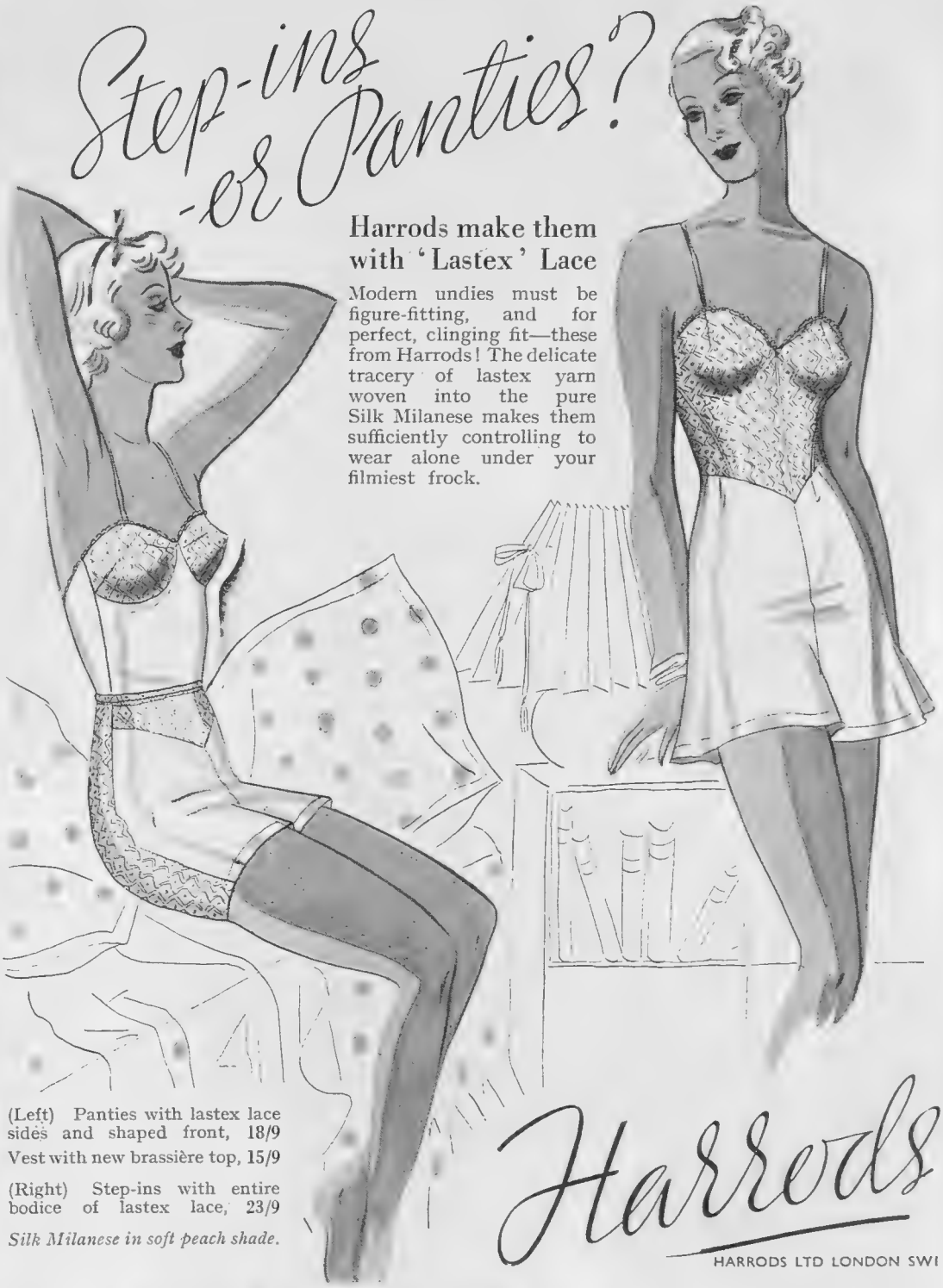

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra : Queen's Hall, 8. Last week.

To-night : Russian Concert, including Glinka, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky, and Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony.

Oct. 3rd : Bach concert ; with Adila Fachiri and Jelly d'Aranyi as violinists, Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson as pianists.

Oct. 4th : Grieg's Piano Concerto in A Minor (Myra Hess), Strauss's Ein Heldenleben, and a new Fantasy for Orchestra by Deems Taylor.

Oct. 5th : Beethoven concert, including the Choral Fantasia and Ninth Symphony ; Lamond as pianist.

Oct. 6th : Last concert, with a popular programme including Handel's Water Music, Rimsky Korsakov's Scheherazade

LAMOND.—Second and third Beethoven sonata recitals : Wigmore Hall, Oct. 3rd, 8.15, and Oct. 6th, at 3.

KUTCHER QUARTETTE.—A Vaughan Williams-Beethoven-Dittersdorf programme : Wigmore Hall, Oct. 5th, 8.30.

HOFMAN.—A "Master Pianoforte Recital," with a Bach, Schumann, Chopin programme : Æolian Hall, Oct. 6th, 3.15.

SZIGETI.—His only recital this season ; a popular programme : Palladium, Oct. 7th, 3.15.

WINIFRED CHRISTIE.—A double keyboard piano recital : Wigmore Hall, Oct. 8th, 8.15.

TRIENNIAL MUSIC FESTIVAL : Leeds, Oct. 3rd.

DANCING AND DINING

BLUE TRAIN. — Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill ; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both ; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Myrtle Dillard Watkins dances and sings ; Louis Simmonds and his band play : extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The Yacht Club Boys are back in London, and are they popular ? Jack Harris is here, and is he popular ? Extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—André Balogh, the Jiggling violinist, Reginald Forsythe's band.

DORCHESTER.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight, from to-night : extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another glittering company of girls—Félix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—are here : extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—The Cuban Trio play and sing most attractively ; Van Straten makes the dance music : extension night, Wednesday.

THE THEATRE RESTAURANT.—A small Bohemia-in-the-Strand for dinner or supper, presided over by Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's ; opposite the Tivoli.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

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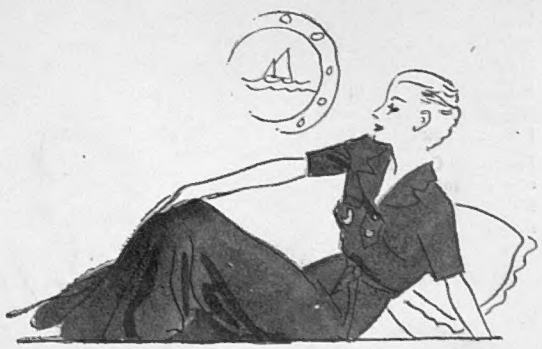

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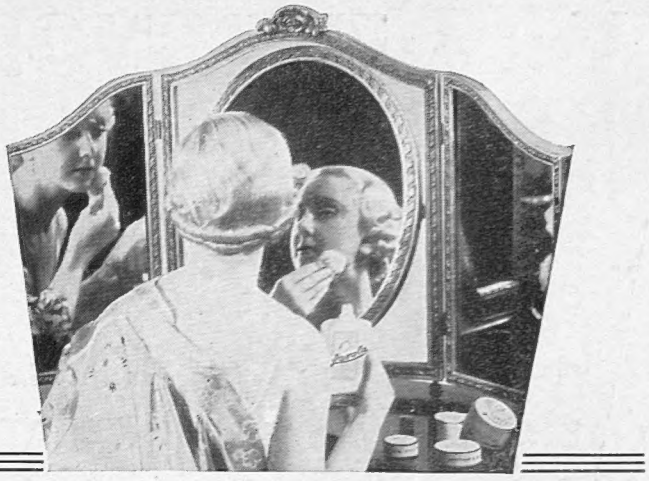

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